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Long-life, quick-boiling, pure Aluminium KETTLE, with panelled body and special black, heat-proof handle; holds approx. 4 pints (Gift No. 113).
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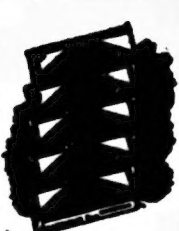
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**Straight from
the Shoulder**

New No-War Facts

DON'T be fooled by the biggest game of bluff in history. All the outward signs will continue to point to war. But this week we can show you inner and real signs that war, unwanted by any Great Power, is highly unlikely.

Hard Times

Firstly, Herr Hitler is suffering from the affliction of the Pharaohs. Reports from his harvesting centres are bad. Half Germany has been deluged by heavy rains for weeks; the rest scorched by over-much sunlight. Those Germans who know the crop situation are saying: "There can be no war."

Great Expectations

Secondly, Italy's great crop expectations will not be fulfilled. Though the yield will be fair, the quality of the wheat will be bad. Improbable, therefore, that the Duce will be able to give much of the staff of life to his Axis partner.

Joy Goes Strong

Next, we can state that three extra liners for "Strength through Joy" cruises have been commissioned. If war were likely, German shipping would be kept in port—as we know by what happened last September.

Discord at Home

Moreover, the German army is largely untrained, is gravely short of officers. And there's discord in the Nazi Government. Goering and Himmler are fighting Dr. Goebbels, who is held to be a warmaker and is becoming more distrusted and feared by the people with every day that passes. Hitler may soon have to choose between Goebbels and Goebbels' rivals—and no general goes to war with divided ranks. Finally, Berlin predicts that Anglo-German trade talks will be resumed in the early autumn.

Time to Plan

So we have a breathing-space, at any rate. How shall it be used? Two weeks have elapsed since Lord

(Continued overleaf)

Secrets

BEHIND THE NEWS

AT HOME—

British military 'planes are being sold abroad because our production is now 1,000 a month, slightly more than German rate.

Unemployment will continue to fall until October, Government advisers have reported.

THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN STEELING MR. CHAMBERLAIN AGAINST INVITING CHURCHILL INTO THE CABINET IS SIR HORACE WILSON, OF MUNICH FAME. BUT MR. CHURCHILL IS DEFINITELY GOING IN!

Mr. Butler, Foreign Under-Secretary, will get promotion when Cabinet is re-shuffled.

If Mr. Eden joins the Cabinet, it will be regarded as proof that we want war, Italian officials are informing London.

All new British submarines are to be built with a connection on the hull for an air pipe—in case of accidents.

3.7 inch anti-aircraft guns are being produced in State arsenals for less than half the cost paid to private arms firms.

King Zog of Albania and his Queen are negotiating for a house near Dunmow, Essex.

BRITISH BANKERS PRIVATELY ASSERT THAT VON RIBBENTROP HAS VISITED LONDON TWICE SINCE LAST SEPTEMBER.

Breakfast-time broadcasts are being considered again by the B.B.C. Test transmissions have already been made.

London Nazis are asking travel agencies why Britons no longer holiday in Germany!

Britain is protesting at Italian attempts to fly over R.A.F. aerodromes in Egypt.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is trying to arrange a United Ireland settlement. Only arrangement so far: Dr. Douglas Hyde, Sinn Féin and Protestant, as first president of all-Ireland Parliament.

YUGO-SLAVIA, HAVING DECIDED TO JOIN THE PEACE FRONT, IS TRANSFERRING ALL ITS GOLD RESERVES TO LONDON BANKS.

—AND ABROAD

Trouble in the Axis. Germany has torn up agreement to supply Italy with steel—because Rome has sold war equipment worth £5,000,000 to Rumania without Berlin's consent.

GERMAN EXPERTS ARE WORRIED ABOUT THE "SCHARNHORST," THEIR LATEST BATTLESHIP, WHICH IS SO UNSTEADY THAT ALTERATIONS WILL PROBABLY TAKE SIX MONTHS.

Two N.C.O.s and seven men have been shot in Prussian fortress for attempted desertion in June; 17 deserters have escaped into Poland.

Of ninety-four new iron ore mines started in Western Germany, twenty-eight have been discontinued after six months. Reason: high cost of production.

Plans to evacuate the 4,000 German Aryan colonists in Palestine, if necessary, have been handed to local leaders by special messenger from Berlin.

Cyprus is the latest scene of intense Nazi propaganda.

This year's Italian army manoeuvres are based on a hypothetical French invasion of Northern Italy.

MUSSOLINI IS TRYING TO ENTICE ITALIANS IN U.S.A. TO RETURN HOME BECAUSE OF SHORTAGE OF SETTLERS IN LIBYA AND ABYSSINIA.

All Greeks are being forced to leave Leros, an Italian island, which is being heavily fortified.

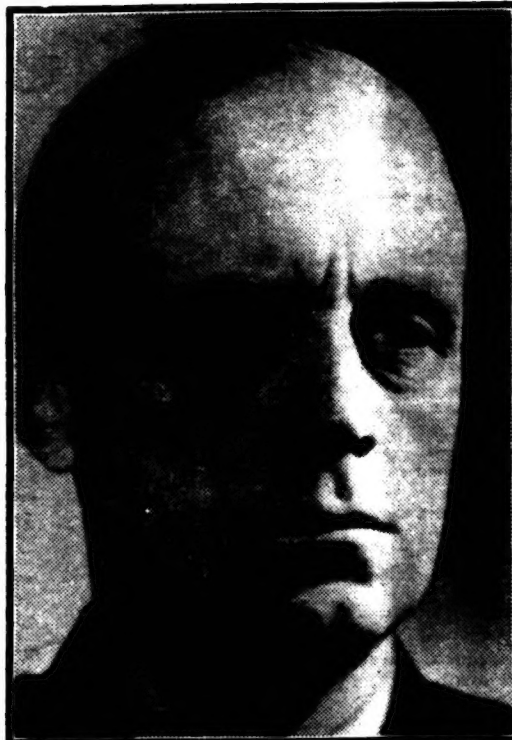
FOREIGN EXPERTS IN MOSCOW ARE REPORTING TO THEIR GOVERNMENTS THAT

RUSSIAN NAVY HAS BEEN DOUBLED IN THREE YEARS.

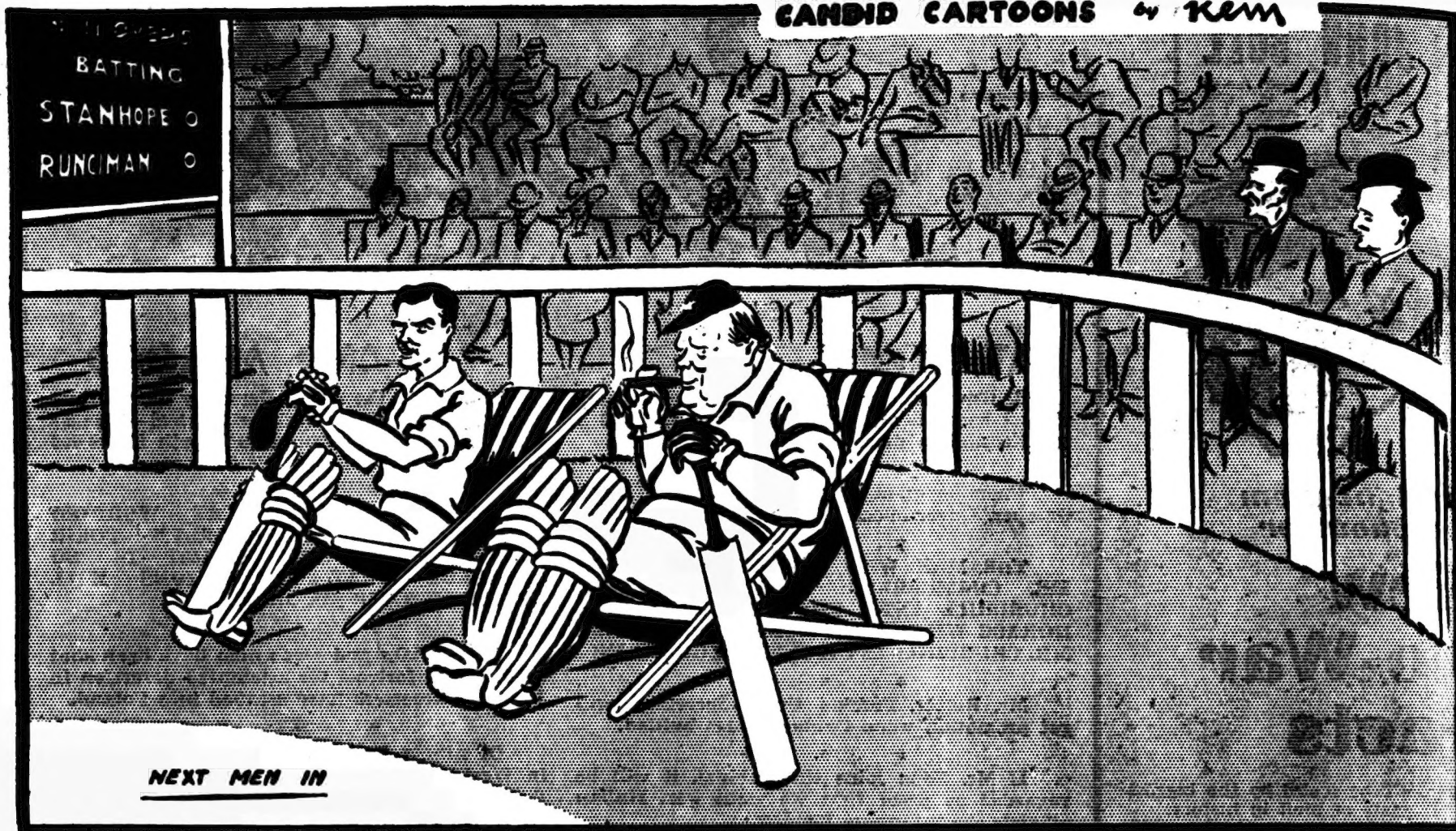
Litvinoff's advice has been sought in Anglo-Soviet talks. When these are ended, he will probably become ambassador to the U.S.A.

Unpublished clause in Anglo-Turkish treaty provides for direct Turkish access to Iraq's oil resources in case of war.

Now Turkey is negotiating with Britain for construction of a big arms factory; hitherto Turkey has got its arms from Czechoslovakia.



Germany's Foreign Minister has paid two secret visits to London—to see how we are standing the war of nerves.



Continuing Straight from the Shoulder

What we Should Tell Hitler Find-Job Plans Needed Now!

Halifax's warning to Germany. But have any active steps been taken since then to contact Germany direct in the hope of bringing about the talks for which, he says, we are ready?

No, we have done nothing.

In the Dark

Meanwhile, there have been rumours that vital parts of Halifax's speech have been kept from Hitler, who knows no English.

If an equally well-phrased note were addressed directly to the Fuehrer himself there could be no such doubts. In it, an actual invitation to conference should be made and a date suggested.

Peace Day

Remember that some JOHN BULL readers suggested Armistice Day, November 11, as an apt day for an international Peace Conference? If anyone has a better proposal, let's have it.

Anyhow, surely Britain is big enough to broadcast an invitation to every nation. Absentees would be self-branded.

Hand to Hand

As a last word on Europe, let us tell you that a German edition of the National Council of Labour's appeal for peace is circulating by the hundred thousand in Germany.

Though anyone with a copy is in danger from the police, it is passing from hand to hand and the German people cannot be stopped from reading it.

Looking Ahead

Another big Labour appeal concerns our own workers. It stresses a demand often made in these columns in recent

months—a demand we shall reiterate until we're hoarse.

Labour wants preparations now for dealing with the heavy unemployment that will come when the arms boom passes.

Herbert Morrison, calling on the Government for new roads, bridges, docks and railways, points out that such developments take two years to prepare.

We're Cross

As it is, experts believe that unemployment may start to go up next November.

Undoubtedly, our £100,000,000 export credits to our allies will mean more orders for our heavy industries. But we need direct make-work plans none the less.

We are already angry because work schemes are not in readiness; our anger will mount with every day of further delay.

Merchants of Death

If we can afford to keep men in work on armaments, we can afford to put them to work on roads and houses that will provide new assets for the nation.

Bad enough that, eleven years since sixty-three nations signed the Kellogg Pact renouncing war—and Germany was the first to sign—the world is spending £5,000,000,000 on arms in a single year.

It is intolerable that Britain, whose share of this total amounts to £400,000,000 is not getting value for money.

Profiteers

The scandal is admitted by Government M.P.s who, as heads of engineering firms, know the facts. The public is being fleeced by a handful of pro-

fiteers, and there is still no sign of really effective State action against them.

No likelihood, either, that the new Ministry of Supply will get into its stride until most orders have been placed!

Meanwhile, we hear of Territorials drilling with field guns so ancient that no manuals of instruction are available. And it will be weeks before equipment is ready for many of the Militiamen now being called up.

Wooden Heads

So you won't be surprised to hear that, because wood is needed for Militia huts, an artificial shortage of timber has been arranged and prices are soaring.

Foreign operators are reaping the benefit.

An additional source of wood supplies, we suggest, might be found in the heads of Ministers who allow such a scandal to flourish.

Infamous

There's another dark forest they must investigate: London's furniture trade.

An independent investigator reports that, of 1,218 workmen he questioned, only 350 got the minimum rate. General working conditions are deplorable.

Now we'll see how long it takes to get the proposed Trade Board for the industry. One year—or ten?

Secret Slavery

Of course, there's long been a Trade Board for that most notorious of all industries—tailoring. But boys and girls are replacing adults, slaving for a pittance.

Women are working heavy machines, at half a man's pay, far into the night. Secret workshops, many of them in basements, are springing up to bring high profits to their rascally owners.

Authorities are concerned about the danger to health. Apparently they haven't the sense to realise that—as we pointed out two years ago—many more inspectors are needed.

Neville Says "No"

Also deserving of a brickbat is the Prime Minister himself. Once again he has turned down a proposal that a minimum wage level, based on a reasonable standard of life, should be applied to every adult worker in the country.

He declares that it's impracticable.

Rubbish. It's the only way to curb rotten employers. And if some trades whine that a living wage is not practical politics because of overhead costs, then those trades should be reorganised without delay.

Fair Play

However, we can offset the brickbat by presenting a bouquet to Mr. Chamberlain and his henchman Mr. Malcolm MacDonald.

All the exiled Arabs except the Grand Mufti are to be readmitted into Palestine so long as they conduct their opposition to the Government's policy on constitutional lines.

Proper opposition is necessary to every administration—which is one reason why we oppose the censorship in Cyprus, which M.P.s discussed last week.

Bad Lad Army

Next, we suggest, they might discuss the magistrates who want to introduce dictatorship into Britain. The J.P.s, we mean, who think they have the right to order offenders to join the Army.

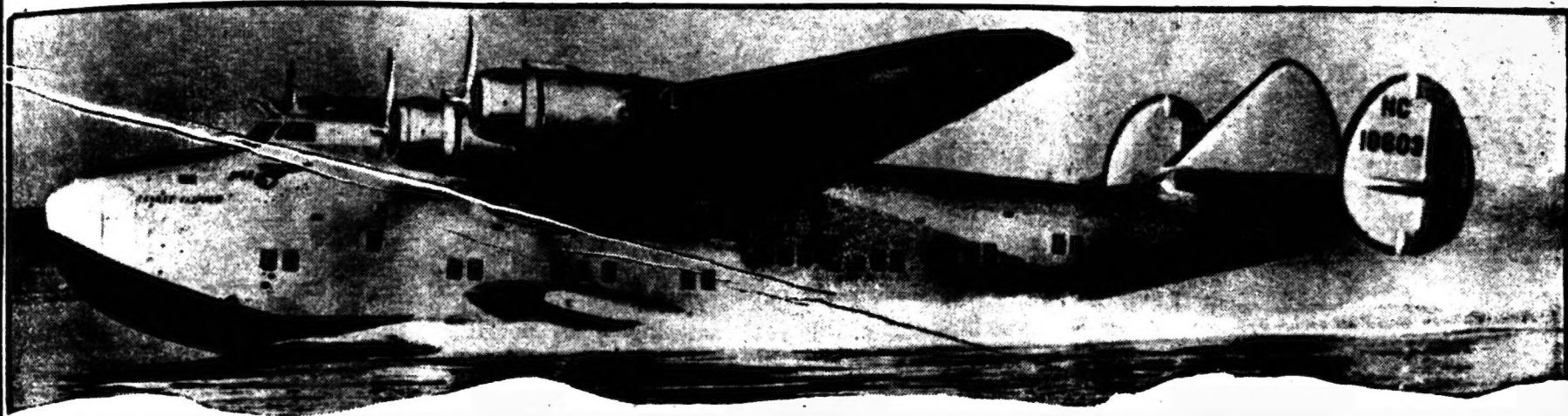
They have no such power. They have been too anxious to seize it in recent weeks. And they should be told that the Army, much as it wants men, does not want to become a dumping-ground for undesirables.

Officialdom Squints

Mr. H. E. Smith, a London mechanic aged forty-two, has only one eye. Because of this disability he has been refused a job at the Enfield Small Arms Factory, the Enfield gunpowder works, the Post Office. The R.A.F. won't have him; A.R.P. mandarins look askance at him.

But he served in the war with only one eye.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR



GREAT FLYING FIASCO

The "Yankee Clipper" at rest after completing her first flight on the trans-Atlantic service.

"At long last we can welcome the fulfilment of our initial flight."

Yes—by an American machine and an American company. Britain will start a similar service next month—for mails only.

The Dutch announce a twice-weekly, 3½-day regular schedule between Britain and Australia to take place in a few months' time. Already they have

a virtual monopoly over three-fifths of the distance.

The Dutch operate the West Indies service between the British colonies of Trinidad and Barbadoes. They run the Britain-Scandinavia service in 5½ hours.

The Germans—who are presumably poorer than we are and have also been concentrating on warplane building—have yet collected the air transport concessions from Peru, and have scheduled regular flights from Europe to Peru in three hops.

The jumping-off point for South America is Bathurst in British West Africa.

As far as the South Atlantic, the road to our vast commercial interests in South America, is concerned, the Germans have made about 120 double crossings, and the French about 100. We have made none.

IN the Pacific and the "west-about" routes to the Orient, we have done nothing except surrender to the U.S. territorial or landing rights in several British South Sea Islands.

We have exchanged these rights in return for vague sharing agreements.

Throughout the great Dominion of Canada, the air network which is opening up the interior and carrying freight and even mining machinery is operated by U.S. companies or machines.

It would be wearisome to prolong this dismal record of Britain's failures in civil aviation. It is enough to say this:

"John Bull" has it on the authority of the foremost group of air experts in the country that, in civilian equipment, machines, and organised transport routes, this country is now nearly five years behind the other air Powers.

What is being done about it?

We now learn that a public corporation is to take over the wreckage of Imperial Air-

ways, and is to have a subsidy of £4,000,000 a year—which is about half of what Germany has already spent on a single aerodrome.

A committee has admitted that on present lines it is impossible for this country to compete with foreign countries in civil aircraft production.

It recommends the setting-up of a Civil Aviation Development Committee, which is to be independent of the Air Ministry and is to co-ordinate the needs of air transport companies and direct research.

So far, its power and purposes exist only as a pious hope.

What can be done to arrest our decline? THE WHOLE PROBLEM BOILS DOWN TO A SIMPLE IF UNPALATABLE TRUTH. WE DO NOT POSSESS THE RIGHT MACHINES TO PUT UP ANY SHOW OF COMPETITION.

And we have not got them because our aircraft builders will not design and build them.

It is not a question of cannot. Because we have the finest designers in the world and plenty of them.

The manufacturers' explanation of their lethargy is: "We have had enough."

In the past most of the civil aircraft enquiries went to one or two firms. The others did not "have a look-in."

Yet one of the "lucky" firms which has built many big air liners claims that it has dropped more than £250,000 for its pains.

Another has lost a like sum.

AND all this, they allege, is caused by muddled conditions imposed upon them by officialdom and the operators.

Of all the aircraft firms who are now using their vast plant resources to turn out warplanes, only one in the past three years produced a new civil design.

This "burnt child" attitude of the big manufacturers is not good enough.

Since designs are the life-blood of civil aviation, the authorities must make it a condition of all warplane contracts that the manufacturer allots a fixed proportion of his designing staff to drafting new transport liners.

These designs must be pooled before the new Development Committee, which must have power to order selected types into immediate production, and to safeguard the manufacturer against heavy loss.

That arrangement, too, will dispose of the manufacturer's excuse that new designs will not pay because of the limited British market.

There is plenty of room in our present aircraft building structure to get to work on civil models. These firms can already afford to export huge numbers of modern warplanes to other countries.

That should be stopped, and work commenced on rebuilding our lost position in air transport.

The curtain is going up on one of the greatest acts in the history of civilisation—the development of world-wide air transport for commerce and travel.

On the part Britain plays in that development depends not only our whole aircraft industry but our place in world commerce.

Yet at present we are not even on the stage. We are only onlookers in the stalls.

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD says we are spending about £2,000,000 a week on building aeroplanes.

Fine. But what sort of aeroplanes? They are warplanes. Good again. We need them.

But the time has come to ask publicly a question which the entire aircraft industry is already pondering. It can be put like this:

Here is this 100 per cent. concentration of capital and skill and labour on one object only, the building of warplanes. And that object is totally non-productive.

You might use an air freight carrier as a bomber of sorts, but you cannot turn a modern bomber into an efficient, economical freight carrier.

As for the fighter—it is just a fighter.

What, then, is going to happen to the aircraft industry when the "band has stopped playing"? When we have got our thousands of bright new warplanes?

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE PRODUCTIVE SIDE OF AVIATION WHILE ALL THIS WARPLANE CONSTRUCTION IS GOING ON?

The news of the past few weeks provides the answer.

An American air-line has started a regular Transatlantic schedule of passengers and mail. Twenty years ago, an Englishman, Sir Arthur Whitten Brown, navigated the first plane ever to cross the Atlantic.

When the Yankee Clipper finished her inaugural flight a few days ago, Sir Arthur said:

VOICE of the PEOPLE

YOU can imagine with what pride I, a man who has been on the Means Test for years, learned that my daughter had won a free place at the secondary school.

But now the meaning of "free" has been explained to me, and I am disillusioned.

Fees, I am told, will be about £7 a year, not including shoes and stockings. Fares will be 1s. 8d. a week, blazers from 16s. 8d. to 23s., coats from £2 7s. 6d. to £2 12s. 6d., hat 14s. 11d., hat band 3s. 8d. So she just can't go.—J. W., Lancs.

A few rungs have disappeared from the much-vaunted "Ladder from the Council School to the University," since the educational economania got their way.

What Would You Say?

What an amazing thing it is that the women of democratic countries have made no serious effort to get into contact with the women of Germany!

The attempts made by the Labour Party to get into touch with German workers show that contacts of this kind are not impossible.—Mrs. Gertrude Rogers, 7, Plainfields Avenue, Patcham, Brighton.

Given the chance to talk to the common people of Germany, what would you say? A special place on this page awaits the best answers. Point of interest: many copies of "John Bull" get into Germany.

Meet the Sergeant!

Our vicar entertained sixty boys of 20-21 to supper last night, and introduced the Regimental Sergeant-Major of the local military depot.

The R.S.M. not only told us what we would have to do and wear in the Army, but his advice extended to money matters. This the vicar augmented with some sensible words on conduct.

The spirit was so comradely that all sixty of us—yes, I was one—went home with pleasant anticipation of army service in our hearts.—A. M., Bishop Street, Waterloo, Ashton-under-Lyne.

Most commanding officers are anxious to "contact" militiamen in this way before their service begins. Who will emulate this common-sense parson and provide the necessary introductions?

P.O. Problem

How annoying it is to insert your penny in a stamp machine and get half a stamp or no stamp at all. Why not a machine in which you could insert a corner of your letter, pull a lever, and have the envelope franked?—Mrs. E. J.

This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

Is something angering you, amusing you, puzzling you? Then write us a letter about it. Or send us a photograph.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Mills, 2, Arbours Cottages, Longney, Glos.

A good idea, but others have thought so too. Post Office says: "The suggestion has been made often. We have tried out several devices of the kind. But big drawback is increased chance of fraud. Impressions left by a franking machine can be too easily forged. This would be serious, as we have 15,000 stamp machines, about 3,000 of them in London."

The Brave Objectors

People sneer at conscientious objectors. May I tell a true story about one?

When our portion of trench was under withering artillery bombardment in 1915, and we were expecting the Germans to attack, I noticed a Royal Army Medical Corps man standing, contemptuous of danger.

Although I knew R.A.M.C. men were non-combatants, he looked so cool and calm that I passed him a spare rifle.

But he smiled, waved his hand and said: "I do not believe in taking life. I have come to France to save life, whether of my

own countrymen or the Germans. I am a Quaker."

The term "conscientious objector" was unknown then.

This man had come to France as a volunteer because his conscience dictated he should.

Wherever he is to-day, I take my hat off to him.—Ex-Company Sergeant-Major, Houghton-le-Spring, County Durham.

Many conscientious objectors won decorations for bravery during the Great War.

Price of the Play

Visiting London yesterday, I went to a West End theatre.



"Sand sculptors and other artists providing clean seaside entertainment are losing their pitches, outbid by the people who provide shameful shows"

Summer-time Snags!

I wonder if the table of holidays represents a table of human values? Here it is, for those who don't know:

Factory worker (if any) 1 week.
Office workers (minimum) .. 2 weeks.
Civil servants (minimum) .. 3 weeks.
Teachers (minimum) 4 weeks.
Parsons (although they don't all take it) 5 weeks.
Members of Parliament Oh, months!
—T. Close, Brooke Road, Walthamstow, E.17.

* * * *

Nobody can speak of the abolition of slavery until the mothers of big families are ensured holidays, whatever their means.

Day in, day out; year in, year out; on and on they work, like machines. Nothing stops them except bad breakdown.

I should like to see holiday camps provided for them, with nursing facilities

for the youngsters. For nobody can enjoy children who isn't able to get away from them occasionally.—Mrs. R. Chesney, Tilney Road, Dagenham, Essex.

* * *

Going to work is my holiday! In other words, the only work I have been able to get in the last four years has been as relief for men away on their summer vacation.

It is the finest holiday in the world, if you have tasted unemployment. Ask any of the people who would give their right hands for jobs, but are so often regarded as work-shys!—J. H., Waterloo Road, London, S.E.1.

* * *

It does not appear to be generally recognised that if parents whose holidays do not coincide with the school vacation acquaint the school authorities of the fact they are entitled to have

their children's absences reckoned as school attendances.

The children are marked on the school registers (E)—and these marks count as attendances for the purposes of Government grants.—F. A. Holmes, Marchmont, 111, Carr Lane, Acomb, York.

* * *

I wonder how many men are in my position—out of work through the holidays-with-pay movement?

About two months ago a notice appeared in the warehouse where I worked announcing that every man with a minimum of one year's employment would receive a holiday with pay.

So when new men began to arrive I, and a few others, were prepared for what followed—dismissal just before the holiday-with-pay became due.—Robert Simpson, Garrowsill, Baillieston, Glasgow.

Sat on a back row—called "pit" in the North of England, "stalls" in London. Paid 6s. Saw little.

Was charged 6d. for depositing hat, 6d. for programme, 6d. for midget cup of coffee, 2s. 6d. for 1s. worth of chocolates.

Bought book of the play in novel form—for 5s. Tore price-ticket off to find real price underneath, which was 3s. 6d.

There aren't enough millionaires in the world to maintain the so-called "living" theatre.—Percy Williams, 94, Beeston Road, Leeds, 11.

Marriage "Casualty"

Here is an order posted in the Royal Engineers' Territorial orderly room at Guildford:—

MARRIAGES AND BIRTHS.

Notification of the above should be given to company officer immediately after the casualty.

I have heard marriage called a disaster; but a casualty, never!—A. Perry, Belle Vue Road, Exmouth, Devon.

Gordon's Eggs

Allow me to add one personal reminiscence about Gordon Richards to Hannen Swaffer's excellent article on the popular jockey.

Only the other day I saw a top-hatted man stop him as he left the Saddle Room.

They shook hands warmly, and I noticed many people edging up to hear what racing tips passed from the jockey to his friend.

What they actually heard from Richards was: "Yes, I was really pleased with that sitting of eggs. I had 12 chicks out of that sitting, splendid little fellows, as strong and healthy as you like. I'd like some more of them."—E. B., Bramfield Avenue, Derby.

The Fake Nurse

I was very interested to read in John Bull about impostors in nurses' uniform—being a nurse myself.

I have heard a woman in nurse's uniform claiming, in our local market place, that she had been for many years a matron in a leading hospital.

Yet she pronounced the word bronchial as "bronzhal," a common term used by people who know nothing whatsoever about medicine or nursing.—L. Harrison, S.R.N., S.C.M., Gomersal, near Leeds.

Asking for Trouble

A preacher in this town, a sensible and nice man, is advising his flock to have more faith in mankind—to such an extent, indeed, that he advises them to dispense with locks on their doors.

By locking up your treasures, he says, you are adopting an aggressive attitude towards your fellow-men.—Miss Phelan, School Lane, Old Norton, near Sheffield.

No policemen would be necessary in Utopia, we admit. But a handful of trusting householders don't make a Utopia.

And we don't see how certain slick-fingered gentlemen can be persuaded to join in.

Shameful Shows

I enclose advertisement from the Manchester Evening News asking for someone to appear as Manchester's ugliest woman at a seaside resort during the season.

These disgusting exhibitions should be stopped.—Mrs. E. L. Draper, Wilmslow Road, Withington, Manchester.

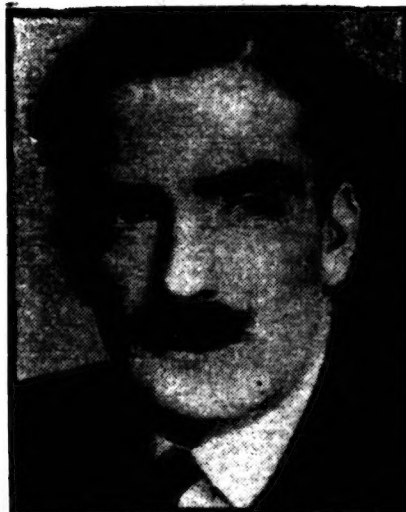
Sand sculptors and other artists providing clean seaside entertainment are losing their pitches, outbid by the people who provide these revolting spectacles. The blame belongs to greedy seaside councils out for every shilling and not caring how they get it.

A. G. GARDINER Demands Immediate Reorganisation of the Government

MY IDEAL CABINET



Lord Halifax... is in the great tradition of British statesmanship"



"Mr. Eden would, of course, come back—I hope to his old office"



"Mr. Churchill... should be in action now"

NOW is not the time for Party differences or personal conflicts, and I rejoice to see that, in the face of danger, the spirit of the nation is magnificent.

It is free from all the perils of internal weakness.

I remember no crisis in our history when as a people we were so completely one in mind and purpose as we are to-day.

WE KNOW THE PERIL WE ARE IN, AND WE STAND TOGETHER AS A UNITED PEOPLE, ALL OUR CONSPIRACIES SILENCED, ALL OUR ENERGIES CONCENTRATED ON THE GREAT TASK THAT WE MAY BE CALLED UPON TO FACE.

This is an immense fact. Its value is the greater because of the nothing discontents that we know to exist in the Axis Powers—discontents that will first into flame should war unhappily come.

And in a conflict between nations divided among themselves and nations united among themselves, as we and France are to-day, there should be no doubt of the issue.

To preserve that unity is our plain duty, and in saying what I have to say I shall avoid any word that can awaken the old war-cries of Party or arouse personal bitterness.

But there is one subject on which it

would be criminal to be dumb at this time.

It is the constitution of the Government on which the fate, not of this country only but of the world, may depend in the next weeks or months.

Lincoln said that it was unwise to "swap horses when crossing a stream."

The time to "swap horses" is before you are in the stream.

In other words, the Government that we need to meet the emergency that is imminent should be formed now, before the emergency is on us.

DURING the past week or two the public anxiety on this point has swollen to a volume that cannot be misunderstood in Downing Street.

It has centred mainly in a demand for the inclusion of Mr. Churchill in the Cabinet.

There is no need to emphasise Mr. Churchill's claims.

With all his faults he is the one man of vision and superlative genius in the active public life of the time.

It is not too much to say that if he had been inside the Cabinet since 1934, or if the Government had heeded his ceaseless warnings of the terrific gamble afoot in Germany, the present calamitous situation could not have arisen.

The stubborn refusal of the Prime Minister to make use of his great gifts in this unprecedented crisis is as indefensible as it is ultimately vain.



"The Government has failed to heed the warnings of Sir Arthur Salter on the subject of our food reserves"

No one can doubt that if war comes Mr. Churchill will be in the Government by the sheer impetus of events.

But he should be in action now before the storm bursts, and I can conceive of nothing more calculated to convince Hitler and Mussolini that this country is in earnest, and, in convincing them, to prevent the storm from bursting, than his inclusion in the Cabinet forthwith.

But the necessity of an immediate Cabinet reconstruction goes far beyond the inclusion of Mr. Churchill.

When a Prime Minister's policy lies in ruins, as Mr. Chamberlain's does, and when a wholly new policy is embarked on, it is obvious that a new leadership is required. That is the tradition of Parliamentary government.

There was never an occasion when it should be more strictly observed than now.

Confidence in the leadership of the nation is urgent. That confidence does not exist.

There is one way, and I think one way only, in which it can be restored.

Ask any dozen persons you meet, regardless of Party affiliation, who is the one outstanding figure of the present

Ministry, the one person whose succession to the Premiership would be hailed with universal relief, and I shall be surprised if there is not a practically unanimous agreement on the name of Lord Halifax.

He alone is in the great tradition of British statesmanship. His vision is wide, his temper is cool, his spirit firm, his judgment clear and sound.

HIS speech to the Royal Institute of Foreign Affairs was the first utterance from the Government that has sent a thrill of pride through the nation.

In him we have the man we need in our extremity. In him the nation has found its voice.

The fact that he is in the House of Lords is an objection of little weight that can be easily overcome.

Why should he not, when the occasion requires, be in a position to address the House of Commons?

That not very revolutionary change could be wrought in an afternoon.

With Lord Halifax at the head of the Government the problem of Mr. Churchill would be solved. He would not be excluded because he was feared.

His unrivalled gifts would be brought into the common stock of the Government under a strong and discriminating control, and under a judgment sounder than his own.

But this would not be all.

IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CABINET, ONE WOULD WISH TO SEE IT MADE TRULY NATIONAL BY THE INCLUSION OF LABOUR.

But if Labour refuses, it could be powerfully reinforced by men of conspicuous abilities, whose exclusion from office is due only to the fact that they happen to have been right in their reading of Hitler and Mussolini when Mr. Chamberlain was so tragically wrong.

Mr. Eden would, of course, come back—I hope to his old office—under a Halifax premiership.

I am less convinced about Mr. Duff Cooper, though his substitution for the present occupant of the Admiralty could not fail to be a gain.

A place would be found for Sir Archibald Sinclair, and Lord Samuel's serene mind and rare administrative gifts would be invaluable.

Nor would the reconstruction of the Government be confined only to the Cabinet.

THERE is no more ominous fact than the failure of the Government to heed the warnings of Sir Arthur Salter on the subject of our food reserves and their exclusion of his vast experience and rare gifts from the national service.

And among the younger men the claims of Mr. Harold Nicholson to office cannot be overlooked.

No one living has a more profound knowledge of or a more intimate acquaintance with the undercurrents of Europe than he has, and his alert intelligence would be priceless in such a department as the Ministry of Information.

This is a time when the nation needs that the best brains at its command should be brought into its active service.

This will not be done under the present leadership. For this reason the vital necessity is a change of leadership.

Young George Likes Reading...

THE youngest of a family of five children is nearly always bright and intelligent. Young George, aged seven, was, anyway.

Already, he was fond of reading. Doors, he was seldom without a book. One evening, he went upstairs to look for more books. The bedroom was dark. He did what he had seen his big brothers do. He lit a candle.

He set it down carefully, found his books—and went downstairs with them. Unfortunately, he left the candle burning. You know what short memories youngsters have at that age.

Soon the family downstairs smelt smoke. They ran to the bedroom, and found that it was in flames. Before they could put out the fire, most of the contents of the room were ruined.

There would be a big bill to pay for replacements...

However, if young George had been thoughtful, his dad had been wise.

For he had, a long time previously, signed the form which entitled him to all the benefits of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme.

The cheque JOHN BULL sent him enabled him to make good the damage done to the burned bedroom.

And he knows that he is still protected. Even if young George, still pursuing knowledge, accidentally floods the house, JOHN BULL will still be there to help.

A form similar to the one he signed to gain this protection appears on page 33.

If you are not already qualified for the benefits JOHN BULL offers to all registered readers, complete and post it right away.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE NEW ARMIES!

We Continue Our Campaign!

FUTURE historians will record this week-end as a turning-point in Britain's peace-time affairs.

The marshalling of our new Militia will be chronicled.

Let it be hoped that, when the event is told to posterity, one of its saddest features will be hidden.

May the veil be drawn especially over the fact that the new armies of the richest nation are being created at the price of the suffering and hunger of widows and little children.

This outrageous position has been brought about particularly because the Treasury callously resists the need for providing allowances to the dependants, other than wives and families, of Reservists and Territorials who are being called out.

In effect, the State tells those who ordinarily rely for support on the men under arms to cast themselves on the mercy of the poor law.

But the public assistance administrators are in revolt against this attempt to abuse the relief system, with its attendant humiliation of innocent people.

They can make effective protest only by turning them away empty-handed. So the soldiers' dependants are in despair.

You can measure the cruel consequences of this heartlessness by examining a representative case—that of Mrs. A. Thomson, of Tyne Street, Ashington, Northumberland.

This widow—her husband died recently from the effects of gas poisoning in the Great War—keeps herself and four children on a pension of 18s. a week plus a contribution from her young coal-miner son.

She is a volunteer in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

And her son is a member of a Territorial battalion of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers.

Neither he nor his mother had the slightest idea, when he had to present himself for training, that no allowances would be paid by the State to compensate the family for the loss of the weekly contribution from his wages.

Thousands of soldiers in the reserve and auxiliary Forces and their dependants have been similarly disillusioned in recent weeks.

Mrs. Thomson found herself in the position, therefore, of being required to maintain herself and four children on 7s. 4d. a week—the balance that would be left from her small pension after rent was paid.

Of course, the rent has fallen in arrears—three weeks.

The family occupies a council house. The mother has been summoned to appear in front of a committee.

She went to the military authorities and protested that surely some mistake was being made—that it was incredible the British Government was maintaining its armies at the expense of the helpless poor.

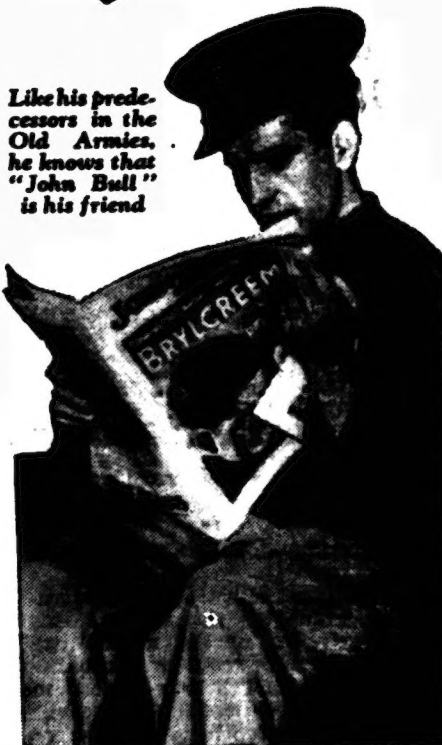
No, they replied, there was no mistake. Of course, they were sympathetic. But these were the regulations, and nothing could be done to help her.

In despair, the woman then humbled herself by making application for pauper relief.

It was refused.

Quite rightly, the poor law officials told her it was monstrous that local rate-payers should be saddled with what

Like his predecessors in the Old Armies, he knows that "John Bull" is his friend



ought to be the responsibilities of the War Office.

But that argument, sound though it is, was no solace for a widow to take back to her hungry kiddies.

She has been informed, too, that she will be "dealt with" if the rent arrears are not promptly paid.

In other words, she faces the possibility of eviction and homelessness.

OUR 12 DEMANDS

1. Militia pay to be increased by one-third to the 2s. per day minimum of the Regular Forces.

Declared Government intention is that there should be equality in the ranks. It ought to begin with pay.

2. Dependants' allowances to be paid for called-out Reservists and Territorials as well as for Militiamen.

Great numbers of parents and families who were supported by men on service are in distress and driven to pauperism.

3. Standard scales of allowances for married men to be abolished and replaced by graded rates according to the needs of their homes.

As the low unemployment Means Test level is the maximum, living standards are being lowered by conscription.

4. Assessment of Militiamen's dependants' allowances to be handed over to local panels, with trade union and other civil representation.

There is no fixed standard for these allowances, which may be withheld or varied at the whim of a military officer.

5. All Servicemen's civil liabilities which cannot be met from ordinary allowances to be discharged by the State.

As things are, the men will return steeped in debt for rent, mortgages, hire-purchase, etc.

6. Every member of the Forces to be supplied with full particulars of the Special Allowances Committee which the Government undertook to appoint with power to increase family and dependants' allowances up to £3 per week.

Most men know nothing about this body. There is reason to suspect that it will grant relief only to stay execution of Court orders obtained by landlords and hire-purchase firms. Parliament was led to believe otherwise.

7. Compensation to be paid to owners of one-man businesses ruined by their absence on service.

They have as much right to protection as the men who are guaranteed that their civilian jobs will be restored.

8. Local Hardship Committees to be given the power to grant exemption from Militia service in severe cases.

These bodies can only postpone service up to one year.

9. Militiamen who lose their employment before being called up to be included in the next group summoned.

Large numbers of young men in this position have no hope of obtaining work while waiting to be called up.

10. Total exemption from Militia service to be given to land workers.

Plans to increase food supplies are in peril from the imminent withdrawal of labour which farmers cannot replace.

11. Postponement of Militia service to be automatically given to youths in the last year of apprenticeship.

This concession has been given to students and others about to sit for professional and academic examinations.

12. Right of appeal to be given from the findings of Militia medical boards.

Need for this safeguard is apparent from the number of men known to be unfit who have been passed for service.

Not from the B.B.C.

Fitness Last!

The best of all ways
To shorten your days
Is to draw up of rules quite a lot,
Regarding what you
Must eat, drink and do,
And—much more important—must
not!

If from daybreak to night
You do naught but what's right
And you diet according to plan,
You'll win cheers from the ranks
Of a cohort of cranks—
And at forty you'll be an old man!

If you don't believe me (and others beside the Inspector of Taxes make a habit of not doing so) perhaps you'll believe Sir Farquhar Buzzard, Oxford's Regius Professor of Medicine.

For he it is who is responsible for the statement that people who make rules for living and regulate themselves like machines become old at forty.

"It seems a terrible thing for a doctor to say," Sir Farquhar added. But many who have endured the superior airs given themselves by food and exercise cranks will be glad he said it.

I am not myself addicted to the pleasures of the table. I frequently lunch on no more than a drop of soup (when there isn't an "r" in the month), a grilled sole, a porterhouse steak (not more than one) and a bite of cheese, with, of course, something to wash it down.

But too often my simple repast has been marred by an acquaintance who, while toying with a rusk and some spinach, tells me that it's all very well for me now—"but just you wait!"

It now looks as if I'll only have to wait a few years until his carefully selected vitamins and calories have done their deadly work and he will look old enough to be a Cabinet Minister while still far too young to receive a pension.

Nor does it disturb me that a similar fate awaits those other exponents of a planned life, the exercise cranks, who are always urging me to loosen my muscles and shake up my liver.

After lunch I need a rest if I am to keep fit for dinner. So I'm hanged if I'll treat my liver like a dice-box to keep fit for something unspecified.



I'm sick of the rules taught by well-meaning fools
And faddists who'd fain be my guide;
I flatly refuse to attend to their views
And their maps of the human inside!

I won't touch my toes while I breathe through my nose,
Or be guilty of dastardly crimes
Like insulting the meat I am given to eat
By chewing it forty-nine times!
And I don't really mind that when Nature designed
My figure she didn't much care;
No, I'm grateful that she never meant me to be
The reply to a Fitness Girls' prayer!

Y. Z.

Open Letters

- Bath-Chair Sir John
- Free the Jail Baby!
- More Oliver Twists
- Give Miners Pensions

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON,

Lord Privy Seal

DEAR SIR,—I propose to buy you a bath-chair. Maybe it will enable you to go into action a little faster than your tottering legs seem able to bear you.

Ten months have passed since the September crisis. Yet your A.R.P. plans are still as nebulous as the summer mist.

The public, as a whole, does not know what it would be expected to do if an air raid came. There are no bomb-proof shelters—except for Whitehall officials. Your tin shelters are still lagging.

Sir Ralph Wedgwood's demand, backed up by Mr. Herbert Morrison, for the evacuation of non-essential adults as well as children from London's riverside areas, draws attention to another appalling gap in your arrangements.

Hospital chiefs are complaining that there is yet no scheme for disposing of casualties.

Many congested Midland cities are still uncertain whether they will be classed as evacuation or neutral areas.

So the muddle, absurdity and procrastination go on.

For humanity's sake, get to work at once!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. J. WILSON,

Sunderland Bench

SIR,—I am gravely perturbed by your decision to send a three-weeks-old baby to jail with its young mother for three months.

No doubt the woman—a thief—deserves sharp punishment. But to compel an infant to bear the stigma of prison for its parent's sins is justice at its cruellest.

Since we cannot suspend sentences as the French courts are able to do, we must amend the law to deal with such cases in a way that will not condemn the innocent.

Once before, when you jailed a baby, the Home Secretary intervened. He should do so again—and order that baby to be released from jail at once.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.,

Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Oliver Twist is no more, but your inspectors are still reporting that children are kept in ordinary poor law institutions.

In other words—the workhouse, which, as told on pages 16 and 17, have many of the evils which disgrace the bad old days.

I know that you have often asked local authorities to send the youngsters to special children's homes. But you seem to have done nothing to ensure that your orders are obeyed.

Let us have some deeds as well as words.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDDIE WILLIAMS,

Chairman, South Wales Minimum Council

DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—I don't blame the public so much as our preoccupied Ministers and heartless local councils for the slow crucifixion of 500,000 children.

Underfed, underdressed, thin and pallid, this army of youngsters may be doomed to a lifetime of ill-health and mental dullness unless granted the provisions for which you plead:

A pint of milk a day. A hot midday meal. Watertight shoes. Proper clothing.

I know that your previous pleas—and my own—have done much to stir the nation. What we must now do is to prod the local councils who worship Economy and the Cabinet which seeks to evade its full responsibility.—JOHN BULL.



Rt. Hon. Sir R. DORMAN-SMITH, Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—More than ever before, it is essential that Britain should grow its own food.

Yet month by month, with increasing and alarming rapidity, our fertile fields are dying. Legions of farm workers are shaking the country dust from their shoes and flocking into the towns in search of new jobs.

Rabbits are thriving while sheep go hungry. Already there is a shortage of 20,000,000 sheep; already villages are falling into ruins.

Your piecemeal subsidies may prove a small check to this mouldering decay.

But you are doing nothing to stop one of the farmer's most insidious enemies: a corrosion that is eating up some of our richest land.

Where corn should be ripening, tangled crops of weeds are flourishing. Wildernesses of ragwort and yarrow, thistles and quickthorn, docks and couch grass are spreading across the countryside.

County authorities have power to remedy this. But they ignore their duty, and you turn a blind eye.

Now this shilly-shallying must end. You must wage a war on weeds; you must insist that disused land shall be cleaned and made arable; you must see that neglectful owners are prosecuted.

Otherwise, we shall have jungles in our midst, and all your agricultural plans will not be worth the paper on which they are so nicely printed.—JOHN BULL.

The "NO-NO" BRIGADE,

Ministry of Pensions

GENTLEMEN,—Do you feel proud at having sent a cheque for £345 to a woman who has fought for twenty-three years to get a pension for her shell-shocked husband?

You should, instead, be ashamed that you so long denied his rights.

Now look into the similar cases (I have brought many to your notice) which still dishonour your records.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor ALFRED COURTNEY,

Mayor-Elect of Salisbury

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—The starch-shirted snobs on your council must be sadder if not wiser men.

Public indignation, aroused first, I am glad to think, by myself, has defeated their shabby ruse to prevent you from becoming mayor because you keep a fish-and-chips shop.

I want it to defeat, also, the rotten-minded little prigs who object to uniformed workers as tenants, refuse to admit tradesmen's children into private schools, and seek to debar clever but poor young people from official posts.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P.,

Minister for Mines

DEAR SIR,—Shocking, but not exaggerated, is a union leader's assertion that men are too old at fifty in the mines to-day.

After that age, most miners have to eke out a despairing existence on the "dole." Soon their

savings are spent; at sixty-five, they have only the old age pension on which to half-starve.

I urge you to acquit yourself well in your new post by insisting that pensions for all unwanted and derelict miners shall become a reality instead of a wishful dream.—JOHN BULL.

Sir W. LANGDON BROWN,

Distinguished Physician

DEAR DOCTOR,—I can well believe that the new disease called "suburban neurosis" is due, as you say, to people living isolated lives in crowded suburbs.

The ultimate blame, I suggest, lies upon the myopic and complacent councils which have built, or allowed to be built, vast estates that have no communal centre nor even a tavern.

The perfect way to encourage loneliness, with its attendant risk of nervous disorders!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P.,

Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—Everyone agrees that you are a great legal expert.

I fail to see, therefore, why you are unable to devise a scheme for compensating people whose houses and other property might be damaged if war broke out.

Unless you produce such a scheme, house-building will stop entirely. People will not put their savings into bricks and mortar if they run the risk of losing the lot.

Building is one of the industries on which our industrial improvement has been based. If you destroy confidence in that industry you will invite a general slump.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

Bogus Samaritan's Wiles Exposed

I F I ask you to meet a serpent, you may think I am affected by the hot weather.

But that's the only description that really fits a scoundrel named A. E. Colbourn, of 43, Cavendish Street, London, W.

For months, as I have scratched the surface of one dubious concern after another, I have come across traces of him.

Always he seems to come on the scene when some unsuspecting victim is ready for plucking.

He poses as the man who can raise additional capital needed for some business or to promote a company.

All it boils down to is the payment of advance fees.

The racket itself is as old as the hills, but this wretch Colbourn invests it with a venom that puts him in a class all on his own.

He is, unfortunately, so devilishly clever that he himself just manages to keep on the right side of the law.

Public Benefactor

Information likely to prove very valuable secures this week's £1 is for Mr. F. S. Dyke, of 1, Noel Gane, Nantymael, Glamorgan, Glamorgan.

All readers can help me by sending concise details of anything which they think needs investigation.

Mark envelopes: Public Benefactor.

MIRACLE MAN PREYS ON SICK

B OASTING "I can save that eye," Alfred Henry Brown, the North Country healer humbug, has just taken 26 guineas from a poor family.

It was a woman whose hopes were cruelly buoyed up. She has lost one eye and fears the other may go, too.

When Brown found that the husband could not give him any more money, his supposed treatment stopped and the woman's eyes remain exactly as they were before she went to him.

The only chance for her is to have an operation, and optical specialists at a hospital have told her that its success cannot be guaranteed.

Yet this bragging quack had pretended that he could achieve something akin to a miracle.

It really is heart-breaking to realise that these people are allowed to go on filling their pockets with money for which honest folk work so hard.

It is these men and women that Brown in particular robs every day of the week.

He goes to various Northern towns on market days, makes the most preposterous claims about his powers of healing, sells his worthless capsules, ointment, and mixtures, and drives away in his expensive car.

From calling himself simply "The Healer" he has expanded his titles to "The World's Greatest Healer—The Miracle Man—The Famous Bloodless Surgeon—Professor Alfred," and "Stomach and Nerve Specialist."

His biggest boast was "The Man With 25,000 Cases And Never One Inquest."

Short of malignant disease there is scarcely any ailment he does not say he can cure.

Of course, he has not the vestige of a medical degree.

In fact, he was once a fishmonger, and when he did not succeed at that he sold rock on the Blackpool beach for a time.

He has been to jail. On one occasion the sentence was twelve months for perjury.

At that time the police said he was making about £20 a week with his market-place quackery.

Now it is estimated that he rakes in at least £50 a week.

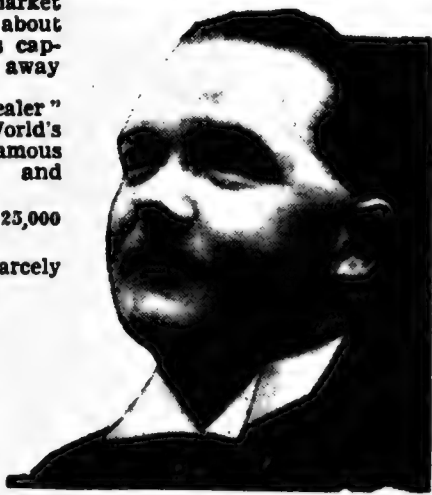
When he was professing to treat this poor woman's eye—and charging £2 2s. a visit—he spoke arrogantly of the two cars he owns.

Once when he was two hours late he said he had been to buy a horse for £200.

The irony is that when he was tried for perjury it was pleaded on his behalf that he was "a man easily imposed upon!"

It should have been said that he finds it easy to impose on people.

My advice is: Keep away from him.



Alfred Henry Brown

Mr. White is on My Black List

G ORDON SKELSEY WHITE, against whose Professional Business and Traders' Association I cautioned readers recently, has gone from his office in Holborn, London.

It was a presumptuous concern for this individual to be running. It masqueraded as an important organisation instead of a one-man business for snapping up guinea fees.

Like the mean shuffler he is, White has left owing two weeks' wages to a youth who went to his office under the impression that he was to learn accountancy.

After making various excuses he wrote to this boy telling him that if he called the following day he would be paid.

Apart from his side deals in the wake of shady firms, he and his touts scavenge for the names and addresses of people who are in money difficulties. Then the attack begins.

A letter I have before me from a Northern tradesman is typical of how it reaches its mark.

"I have," he says, "been struggling along in business for five years. During the last twelve months I have been let down through customers evading payment, and wholesalers have had cause to sue me for payment of their bills."

"On Saturday I received a letter from a Mr. A. E. Colbourn, stating he was aware of my difficulties and was prepared to help me to liquidate my liabilities and make a fresh start if I agreed to a proposition he was prepared to put to me."

I know these propositions, and I am glad I was in time to stop this harassed tradesman jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

Mr. Colbourn would make a great show of his vaunted rescue plans and then just grab all he could.

No trick is too low for him.

When some of his victims realise what is happening and show fight, the serpent in him casts aside all disguise and he spits out abuse.

Though he wriggles on the edge of the law in his present activities, he was not always so lucky.

It is not so very long since he came out of jail after serving a sentence of three years' penal servitude for fraud in connection with a number of businesses he ran under the name of "Andrews."

He cheated creditors out of thousands of pounds.

Before that, when he was operating from Manchester, he was given three years' penal servitude, also for obtaining goods by false pretences.

He has served shorter periods of imprisonment for embezzlement, and obtaining credit without disclosing that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

He thinks he is so clever these days—but he had better take care.

It's All Eyewash

"GOOD news for ———. Leading Eyeglass Specialist to Visit

When you see announcements of this kind flared in large type in the advertising columns of your local paper you can be pretty sure that a quack is on the way.

There are scores of them bamboozling poor people up and down the country.

Latest of them to come to my notice is Lewis Rupell, who has just been to Workington, Cumberland.

He'll be going to other towns in the neighbourhood, so be on your guard and avoid him.

"Mr. Rupell," he states modestly, "is an enthusiastic young man who has had remarkable success in London and all over England demonstrating his latest scientific optical methods of eyesight testing."

All very fine, but let me tell you that Mr. Rupell is just one more of these dangerous eyesight quacks, and anyone who entrusts their vision to him will be exceedingly foolish.

Film Star Shoe Bluff

CINDERELLA will have to look to her shoes.

The glamour of her fable is being stolen by the up-to-date claim that shoes worn by film stars can be bought in certain shops in London and elsewhere.

According to these shops, agents are employed to travel round film studios buying up shoes which for a few fleeting moments have graced the feet of a star.

There are stacks of them and it would seem that screen actresses must spend nearly all their time changing their foot-gear.

Anyway, film fans are evidently eager to buy these shoes, which are going like hot cakes at about 10s. a pair.

Splendid idea—except for one little flaw: it is all a huge myth.

Producers in Hollywood flatly deny that either the studios or players sell cast-off shoes.

So widespread has the racket become that a statement to that effect has been issued from the office of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. This organisation represents all film companies.

Enquiries reveal that the romantic story has just been tacked on to job lots of shoes American manufacturers have sold cheaply for shipment to this country.





IMPORTANT NEWS FOR SOLICITORS

WHEN frauds and sharp practices are exposed in the columns of JOHN BULL, it falls to me to deal with the aftermath. The aftermath, I may say, is a flood of letters complaining of similar treatment and asking for advice.

In this connection I have for many years been in close personal and confidential touch with a very large number of solicitors all over the United Kingdom, to whom it is necessary, at times, to disseminate information. Enquiries have grown so much that I have decided to issue individually to all solicitors, who are or may be interested, special confidential bulletins as occasion demands.

SHAME!

This picture is of David Minton, the Blaina, Monmouthshire, dentist, struck off the register for one very human slip, has been sentenced to another twelve months of despair.

"No!—and we won't consider a further application until May, 1940."

That, in effect, was the peremptory response to his moving appeal to the Dental Board.

In its verdict, the Board referred to the gravity of his offence.

What he did, nearly eighteen months ago, was to make a denture for the wife of an unemployed man and arrange, irregularly, for it to be paid for by her husband's approved society.

Some punishment was due, but surely to stop him earning his living all this time is grotesquely out of proportion.

The petitions of M.P.s, local authorities and 8,000 people have been spurned by the Dental Board.

Meanwhile, Mr. Minton and his family are nearly penniless.

Can't someone in authority see that he gets justice?

Jailbird's Legal-Aid Trick

USING the assumed name of Daniel Lacey, and saying he was attached to the Prisons Department at the Home Office, a crook has duped a Glasgow woman in a particularly mean way.

He had found out that a relative of hers had been arrested in London, and made out that he was arranging for him to have proper legal aid.

So cleverly did he tell this story that he succeeded in obtaining £30 from the woman.

* * *

That's only one of the tricks by which he has swindled people. Complaints have reached the police from Leeds and Newcastle among other places.

He changes his rôle as often as he does his name. Lane, Parsons, Gregory and Franks are a few of the aliases he has used.

And at different times he has carried out his frauds in the guise of a Post Office official, water board inspector, doctor, prison officer, town planning official and a builder!

One of his thefts as a Post Office official was as despicable as his exploit in Glasgow.

He called on a woman who kept a small shop and said he was investigating the theft of money orders and banknotes from letters in the post.

A man suspected, he added, was believed to have cashed some of the orders in the neighbourhood. In this way he persuaded the poor woman to allow him to search her till.

* * *

After making a great show of examining the numbers on £1 and 10s. notes, he said it would be necessary to take them all to the police station for further scrutiny.

Rather frightened and overawed, the poor woman agreed, only to realise when she got in touch with the police that she had been robbed of £8.

This quick-change rogue has already been in jail for various offences, including fraud, forgery and false pretences.

He Gets My Prize for Impudence

IF I gave a prize for bluffing, it would certainly go to Mr. A. Waterhouse, of 72, Gledhow Wood Avenue, Roundhay, Leeds.

He can have few equals in persuading people that he is a man of tremendous influence, able to arrange financial backing as easily as you or I would blow our noses.

When he got in touch with an unemployed man who advertised for work he made out he could fix him up in a business of his own—if he would pay 50s.

That was one of his modest little efforts. He usually aspires to much bigger sums and it is not long since he was trying to unload gold shares at 2s. 1d. each.

About the same time he was angling for substantial fees for surveying properties on which he pretended he could arrange mortgages at 4 per cent.

He was as likely to be able to finance the Bank of England.

Best of all his grand poses was when he undertook to raise some thousands of pounds for a Leeds firm of clothiers.

As usual, he declared it would be child's play for him, and so convincing was he that one of the partners did not at first suspect him, even when he said it would be necessary to have one of the firm's suits to wear when he saw his principals in London.

That was arranged, and it was also agreed he should have a liberal sum to cover expenses.

Fortunately, another partner made enquiries in time, and when the top-speed financier came to collect his suit and the money he was asked to furnish some security.

"Right—I'll be back in an hour or two," he said, but that was the last they saw of him!

Oh, yes, Mr. Waterhouse is a great man—in his own imagination.

He must think that people are as green as the ink he invariably uses for writing his spoofing letters.

Watch 'Em

THERE'S no limit to the impertinence of some tricksters.

One bright specimen is trying to fool people with a story that he has been sent to advise them that they have won a prize in JOHN BULL Bullets Competition and that on payment of £5 he can arrange to get the cash through quickly.

He calls at houses and asks first if the husband has entered the competition.

Winners, of course, are notified officially and there is no question of any fee to obtain the prize money.

* * *

MR. TODD POTTS, champion begging-letter writer, is making a new drive with his sickly, sentimental tosh.

He is still the "elderly man, approaching the allotted span of life," but in addition to his "Evening Prayer" ode he is hawking a booklet of "unpretentious poems" for 5s.

Householders in Bishop Auckland, Durham, have been specially favoured with his attention.

Don't give him a penny.

I notice he no longer uses Litt.D. after his name, which he has now changed to Tudor Todd.

* * *

SONG writers should make a note of Viking Song Productions run by Arch Robey from Hillingdon, Middlesex, and put it on their DON'T list.

It's the old racket of paying for a melody, with wonderful promises of production that just die away on the familiar note.

* * *

"EXPERIENCED Christian worker wanted on commission to cover Essex for old-established mission."

It is very old, as you'll agree when I tell you that applicants are asked to get in touch with Pastor Hurst!

The advertisement appeared in a local paper, so evidently he is out to make the most of the summer days with his bogus charity collections.

His masquerade is now called the London and Provincial Evangelistic Destitute Mission.

* * *

CAERNARVONSHIRE, North Wales, is the hunting ground at the moment of one gang of the doorstep cheats who offer "genuine" 7s. 6d. bottles of Eau de Cologne for 2s. 6d.

They are falsely using the name of a well-known firm and promise that purchasers will receive a gift by post.

Sixpence is the outside value of the toilet brand of Eau de Cologne they are passing off in this way.

* * *

LATEST homework snare I hear of is offered by B. G. Cox, of Bennett Street, Rugby.

His schemes, he says, are "entirely clerical" and he is most anxious to send his two big plans for 2s.

Don't waste even that amount.

* * *

"VARNISH" left over after a painting job at a near-by house is the newest variation of the bargain piece of linoleum dodge.

One householder at Rochdale, Lancashire, who was caught by it, found he had bought coloured water.

If only readers would heed my constant warning about doorstep salesmen they would save themselves a lot of money—and annoyance.

Startling facts about a great business ramp which is becoming one of our biggest crook industries

BANKRUPTCIES for profit are increasing so fast that they might be called a new crook industry.

Ample evidence exists that a number of the most unscrupulous practitioners of this dirty game are co-operating in a general conspiracy to live—and live well—on bankruptcy alone.

Their activities, added to the normal flow of genuine cases, are providing the investigators of the Bankruptcy Court, under Mr. L. A. West, Senior Official Receiver, with the hardest year's work they have ever experienced.

And here is a point for the consideration of the Home Office: one-third of the dishonest or suspicious bankruptcies are incurred by aliens.

Foreigners, who enjoy the freedom of this country, are far and away the worst offenders. In return for Britain's hospitality they commit outrageous frauds on British subjects.

Just their way of showing gratitude.

Some ten years ago there was this same unpleasant epidemic of outrageous bankruptcies.

It came to an end when the judges at the Old Bailey began to give severe sentences for bankruptcy law offences. The punishment killed the crimes for the time being.

But now the "professionals" are emerging from their hide-outs, and beginning a still more active campaign to despoil honest citizens.

THE POSITION, INDEED, IS SO SERIOUS THAT SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS HAVE BEEN ISSUED TO COPE WITH IT.

ONCE a receiving order is made against a debtor, the examiners, who work behind the scenes of the court, begin their enquiries.

They are known—in no disrespectful sense—as "the human ferrets," because they can follow a trail of deception through every artifice of camouflage.

It is "the human ferret's" duty to prepare the dossier on which an Official Receiver in Bankruptcy continues open search in court by his cross-examination of the defaulting debtor.

Much information of this sort has lately been obtained and placed before the Board of Trade, and the police authorities, to support our assertion that a ring of fraudulent "professional" bankrupts is now at work.

Principals in one such case were two men of alien origin by the names of Maurice Prooth and David Sunshine.

The real name of Prooth is Proothofsky, and he is a Russian by birth who became naturalised.

Sunshine is a Pole, and his true name is Sonnonschein.

By trade, Prooth was ostensibly a furrier, and director of a limited

ARMY of BAD BANKRUPTS

liability company. The manner of his conspiracy with Sunshine was this:—

The latter obtained goods on credit from British firms and sold them to Prooth for real money. When Sunshine was pressed for payment by his creditors he was pathetic and prolific in excuses.

Meanwhile, Prooth made no detailed book entries of his purchases from Sunshine. The whole business was concealed.

In all, £50,000 was involved in obscure, devious transactions.

Kept busy by the army of crook bankrupts—Mr. L. A. West, Senior Official Receiver



AT THE PRESENT TIME, THERE ARE MORE THAN 300 CASES IN BANKRUPTCY IN WHICH HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS FEATURES ARE RECEIVING CLOSE ATTENTION.

IN OVER A HUNDRED INSTANCES THE BANKRUPTS ARE FOREIGNERS.

Undoubtedly aliens are studying our bankruptcy laws in order to discover the way to prosperity by unloading the burden of their wilfully contracted debts in Carey Street.

A few of them have actually organised bankruptcy on a family basis.

Last week there came to the Bankruptcy Court for questioning a man who, between the time his insolvency became known and the issue of the receiving order, parted with a series of shops to his son. . . .

QUITE commonly, also, a bankrupt becomes "manager" for his wife—to whom the business has been passed so that he can deceive his creditors—and continues to defraud the public from behind her skirts.

One recent debtor was behind no fewer than five separate bankrupt ventures run on his behalf by relatives.

Family conspiracies in bankruptcy, in fact, are far more common than the public suspect.

The "old man" starts a business, secures confidence by paying cash for his early consignments from wholesalers, and then proceeds to pile up heavy liabilities with trade creditors.

Goods are retailed far below market values until it is impossible for the business to continue longer.

Then a friend is brought in under the guise of a trustee, and this friend-trustee sells to the bankrupt's wife for a small sum.

The bankrupt becomes the manager, and the whole process begins over again.

Next time, when the wife has conveniently gone bankrupt, the friend-trustee sells out to a son of the family, and so on.

Many others are learning similar guile. The business world of Britain has in its midst a small army of bad bankrupts.

The regulations must be stiffened up, and punishments must be made heavy enough to frighten them out of their golden playground.

Human Machine

Make Sure First

ONE of the pithiest sayings of the old Romans was: "Resist beginnings."

We're all of us apt to act on impulse. We're all prone to start some course of action without first considering where it's likely to land us in the end.

Every one of us has at some time or other lightheartedly taken on responsibilities that have turned out to be an almost unsupportable burden.

When that old Roman urged his fellows to "resist beginnings" he was really telling them not to act without thinking. He was urging them to make adequate preparations before starting out on a journey into the unknown.

For that's what any new course of action is really, isn't it—a journey into unknown and uncharted territory? And it's really astonishing how often and how readily we cheerfully set out without knowledge,



advice or equipment! It's no good, of course, trying to see too far ahead. That can easily become an exasperating waste of time and a severe trial of temper; but we can always do a little of it—and we always should do.

There is nothing meritorious in rash action. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread" is a painfully true saying! Merit lies in having a good look round and in doing a little thinking and planning.

There's no need for thoughtless haste.

We shall get there all the quicker for taking adequate time to think about how we're going.

None of which is meant to imply that we shouldn't be prepared to take chances.

We should: but we needn't take silly risks that a few minutes' thought would have guarded against.

LAST of the BOOTHs

General Evangeline Booth, head of the Salvation Army, valiant warrior in the cause of Blood and Fire, has just completed her latest Continental Tour. She returns to this country to put things in order for her retirement. Here Hannen Swaffer gives you a vivid pen-picture of this frail but dynamic woman who leads legions of devoted Salvationists in all parts of the world.



Hannen Swaffer's Who's Who

This week :

Evangeline Booth

WHEN Evangeline Booth retires next month the Salvation Army will lose the only General who can in any way be compared with her father, William Booth, founder and autocrat.

With her, too, the Booth dynasty ends.

She has much more personality than either General Bramwell Booth, her brother, or General Higgins, who succeeded him, and whom she, in turn, succeeded.

Had it not been so late in life when she became General, she might have had as profound an influence over the Salvation Army generally as, for years, she wielded over the Army in the United States.

She went there to stop a revolt by her brother, Ballington Booth, who wanted the American branch to break away from the parent body. She stayed there. She became naturalised.

For years she conducted whirlwind campaigns, planned relief schemes whenever there was a flood, or a war, or widespread unemployment.

Then, years after she had stopped a revolt by her brother Ballington, she herself led a revolt against her brother Bramwell, who was deposed because the Army objected to the dominance of one family.

There followed a crisis from which the Army has not even yet recovered.

Then, when General Higgins retired, Evangeline came home to lead the Salvationists, not because she was a Booth, but because she was herself—self-willed, dynamic, almost imperious, and, indeed, growing more like her father every day.

Her father had given birth to an inspiration. She found herself, instead, in charge of a machine. For the Army, like all other religious institutions which, in their growth, have acquired property, part of the order of the modern world, had changed amid mechanisation.

It was a crusade that, because of its size, had become a big business.

It began in a Booth. It had now to keep going great citadels.

For years I shall remember a long talk had with Evangeline Booth on a liner in which we were both travelling to New York.

When I told her secretary that I would like to see her again, he told me, to my surprise, that, although during her four years as General, she had travelled hun-

dreds of thousands of miles, she was nearly always seasick.

"Indeed, even when it is calm," he said, "she usually stays in bed all the time."

However, I went to tea on a very smooth day, and then the General and I talked for nearly two hours.

Even when chatting to one man she can be as dramatic and as compelling with her words as she is when swaying a great audience.

She talks in pen-pictures. Unconsciously, almost, she dramatises incidents until it lives in front of you.

FIFTY years before, her father, during his first visit to India, had been warned every mile of his journey that he might be killed. She, his daughter, had, a few months before, made that same journey, but on a Government road and in a Government car.

Her father was threatened with stones. She was received with hymns.

His path was beset by robbers. She went as head of an Army to whom the Government had handed over, in despair, the criminal tribes.

And these ex-criminals, many of them now members of the Army, greeted her almost as a saviour.

"I hope I have a good guide," she said one day, she told me.

"Oh, yes," a Commissioner replied. "He murdered his mother. Now he belongs to the Army."

She talked to me of how, in the leper settlements, little children held up to her their leprous hands while they sang a hymn she had written:

"I give my life,
I give my all,"

and how there was happiness, even in the leper colony, because of the Army.

Then she contrasted London's East End, as she first knew it—and as a girl in her teens she was pelted and threatened in the streets there—with the East End to-day.

Now, the Army was welcomed and respected in a Whitechapel where it had been reviled.

I wished, afterwards, that I had taken down in shorthand the General's vivid narrative.

In my half of the conversation, however, I was nearly as revealing.

I told the General how it was largely because wages were higher, thanks to Trade Union effort, that the East End had improved—that it was not merely because of religion but the result of social reform, education, better sewers, and brighter homes.

I told her that I belonged to a Party which, unless there were war or financial calamity not of its making, was pledged

her from obscurity to a position of great authority. It took her, during the gold rush, to the Klondike among the roughest of men.

It gave her courage where almost anyone might have despaired.

It made her an orator. It made her the head of a mighty Army.

In platform speech she is eloquent. Phrase after phrase falls naturally from her lips.

It is on the rehearsed occasions that she fails. During her stay in America she developed the trick, common there, of over-stressed histrionics.

Her monologue, "The Greatest Story in the World," which is the history of the Army, has been related by her so often that, when I heard it at the Albert Hall, I thought it strained and over-dramatised.

When she recited to a musical accompaniment, the hymn "Abide with me," repeating the words "For without Thee . . . for without Thee . . . for without Thee," while a choir sang softly somewhere at the back, it struck me as just a show.

It had been done too often. I saw an actress rather than a missionary.

In the States, Evangeline Booth used to tour with another monologue, one describing how, as a girl, she disguised herself as a flower-seller and sat in Piccadilly Circus, to learn how the women lived. For this, in America, she would dress herself up.

When she wanted to do it here, she was dissuaded. Friends thought it might make people laugh. We are more sophisticated on this side.

Yet on such occasions as that when the Lord Mayor presided over a great Salvationist luncheon in the Grocers' Hall, Evangeline Booth is at her best.

SHE smiled while the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Willingdon, an ex-Viceroy, paid honeyed compliments. Three Ministers of the Crown were at the top table, and all the Dominions were represented, while Jews sat down with Christians of every kind and people with no faith or creed.

Then, although tactful to the City of London which, she said, had "ever been generous," she could not help reminding the throng that, in the early days, "even men of religious thought ridiculed my father."

The Bishop of London sat listening to this with cupped ears.

"They flung at him such phrases as 'What sort of men do you think you can make out of broken humanity?'" said the General. . . . "Yet we have seen the supreme fulfilment of the Sacrifice of the Lamb of God. God has been good and merciful."

Nine Commissioners of the Salvation Army heard their General's proud avowal, in the heart of London's citadel of Money, with the Bank of England just over the road.

I wondered which of them this autumn would take her place. There was not, and there is not, one with her personality.

Indeed, with the exception of Commissioner Lamb, too old for the job, there is no Salvationist that the country knows by name.

Booths are not born every year. . .

Swaffer says, "Booths are not born every year . . ."

to wipe away every slum building in London within ten years.

I told her that I believed more in a New London than in an Old London with a bun, a cup of coffee and a hymn—that, in my view, people should have food and shelter as a right and not because of charity.

The General left upon me a great impression. I know, though, that what I said left its mark on her.

NEXT day, before the *Berengaria* docked in New York, she said to me: "Mr. Swaffer, you have great influence. I beg of you to do nothing to destroy my people's faith. It is all they have."

And I knew that, for hours during the night, the General had been thinking over our talk. . . .

Well, Evangeline Booth's faith raised

It's a pleasant
English road—but
it's also a prison
to the tramp

The SUBMERGED

BELIEVE that I have only to mention one fact to stimulate your interest as good citizens in the story which I will tell in JOHN BULL in the next few weeks.

It is that out of every 25 men in Great Britain, one is homeless and a wanderer.

Yes, there are not less than half a million of us drifting about the countryside, all labelled as vagrants.

But only 2 per cent. of these roaming legions are tramps in the sense in which that word is commonly understood—the "Weary Willies" who could not possibly in any circumstances be grafted into normal society.

However, these small remnants of an almost extinct tribe are still the noisiest.

And, unfortunately, it is on them that public attention has always been focused when the problem of the wayfarers has come up for consideration.

APART FROM THAT TINY COMPANY OF HOPELESS NE'ER-DO-WELLS, I SUPPOSE I AM THE ONLY MAN ON THE ROAD WHO KEEPS TO IT BY CHOICE.

This month I will have been a tramp continuously for 25 years—since the day, at fourteen, when I ran away from home rather than enter Harrow School, for which I had qualified both with a double scholarship and by my parents' social standing.

Not a week passes nowadays without an offer of well-paid employment being made to me.

Regularly I am called off the road to tell the truth about the grim miseries of the tramp population to Rotary clubs, trade unions, social service organisations, religious bodies, and so on.

I am Vowed to Help Them

Almost always after addressing them, some kind-hearted person takes me aside and gives me the chance of a good job.

Every time I turn it down.

Yet, believe me, please, I don't wish to be a tramp.

I want a home, security and decency, as intensely as any man.

I nearly choke with dismay each time I reject an offer of livelihood and comfort.

So, for a quarter of a century I have

● Along the roads of Britain strides the tall, lonely figure of William Gape—a tramp, one of the tattered army of Forgotten Men.

He is the leader of that army, a modern Vagabond King. He fights the cause of the homeless and hopeless wayfarers in courts and casual wards up and down the country. They call him "the Tramps' K.C."

"John Bull" has commissioned William Gape to tell the story which begins here to-day because it is time that public and official attention was attracted to the shocking plight of half a million men who are hounded and broken by a system that represents one of the most glaring social scandals of the age . . .

unnecessarily cost you, as ratepayers, sixpence a-day for my board and lodging in the casual wards of Britain, every one of which I have occupied scores of times.

I shall continue to be a liability on you until I achieve the purpose to which I have dedicated my life.

My mission is to abolish vagrancy altogether, just as it has been wiped out in every other European country.

Good Queen Bess Started It

That will happen only when the casual ward system perishes—and, beyond all doubt, it will perish the moment the community becomes aware of the awful truth behind it.

From my youth I have been appalled not only by the conditions of all casual wards, but by the oppression of the system under which they exist.

It is one based on hideous regulations which date back to the year 1600, the time of Good Queen Bess. It is designed to submerge ever deeper the unfortunates who are swept into its clutch.

Fifteen years ago, when our gigantic Fellowship of the Road became tragically swollen by tens of thousands of broken-down ex-Service men, I resolved to devote myself to the destruction of the casual ward régime and all that it implies.

I went to Westminster Abbey and made my vow kneeling at the tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

On the road there are many men better qualified by education and training to fill my rôle as the so-called "Tramps' K.C." Nevertheless, the responsibility has fallen on me, and I am never weary of championing their rights and defending them in the

Courts when, as so often happens, they are the victims of official persecution in the casual wards.

For my pains in challenging gross injustices on the spot, I have myself been put in jail seven times lately.

STILL, AS YOU WILL SEE, THE WORST PRISON IS AN IMMEASURABLY BETTER PLACE THAN THE BEST CASUAL WARD.

Let there be no misunderstanding about the issue. There cannot be reform of the casual wards. There cannot be compromise or tinkering.

Give every man who is forced into these places a daily bacon-and-eggs breakfast—provide him, if you like, with a luxury suite—the evil the casual wards represent would still be there.

For they perpetuate a cruel and senseless system, buttressed by ancient laws which were shaped three centuries ago for the single purpose of hounding homeless men from town to town, and which have not the remotest relationship to present-day social conditions.

These Men are Not Workshy

I emphasise that at least 98 of every 100 hoboes roaming Britain to-day are individuals with good industrial records behind them—men who once had homes and wages, but who, through no fault of their own, have been scrapped and made outcasts.

They are not workshy, none of them. Their quest, as they flit from place to place across the country, is for employment and nothing else.

But all the time they are chasing an illusion, a Will-o'-the-wisp.

Not always because there is not work available for them. The terrible, almost unbelievable truth is that, once

they are on the road and caught up in the casual ward system, **THEY ARE NOT ALLOWED THE TIME OR OPPORTUNITY TO SEARCH FOR WORK.**

If a man dares to stay in one district for more than a few hours in the hope of finding employment, and returns at night to a casual ward where he has lodged during the previous month, he will be automatically imprisoned for five days.

He will be locked up without even the sanction of a magistrate or police officer. He is held by virtue of an early seventeenth century law.

Once an unemployed man takes to the road and sets foot for the first time in a casual ward, therefore, he is for ever doomed.

HE WILL NEVER BE GIVEN THE CHANCE TO EARN SUFFICIENT MONEY ON THE ROAD TO GET OFF IT.

He may, as I shall show later, and as happens to many, sink deeper and become engulfed by conditions still more vicious. There is no escape upwards.

It Always Begins This Way

The crucial features of this social order, almost Satanic in conception, are that it is being forced on hordes of innocent men by modern legislation, and that its victims have no idea of what is to befall them until they find themselves trapped, practically for life, after their first visit to a casual ward.

Originally, most of them were driven from their homes by the operation of the unemployment Means Test, or by overcrowding which the housing authorities have failed to relieve.

Because of prolonged idleness they cease to be regarded, under a set of inhuman regulations, as eligible for out-of-work pay.

They were faced with the choice, therefore, of leaving home to look elsewhere for work, or staying on as "spongers" on other members of the family.

Natural pride put them on the highway—but never on the highway to betterment.

Once workless men quit their homes and are without permanent address, they cannot, as the law stands, be granted unemployment relief, although they are capable of and available for work, and able to show evidence that they have gone forth to search for it.

HALF-MILLION

By William Gape,
"the Tramps' K.C.," and
Founder of the Hobos' Union

Soon they have to seek the refuge of a casual ward. From that moment they are in the toils.

Ever afterwards, when not under lock and key in the casual ward, they must keep on the move. Nowhere can they pause to apply for work without facing the certain penalty of four days and five nights of captivity.

That ordeal over, these penniless people are still not allowed to remain in the district, although work in plenty may be at hand.

They must get back to the road—or suffer another spell of confinement.

Most pitiable of all these helpless wretches are the former soldiers and sailors who have been disabled in the country's service, and who are denied pension or receive only pittance on which, without employment, they could not possibly subsist at home.

Bicycles are "Capital"

They, too, set out with hope in their hearts, believing surely that one day on they were bound to find the Golden Piece of work somewhere in England.

They, too, are betrayed.

At every turn the man who goes on the road in the belief that there will be a job at the end of it is faced with official determination that he shall not be allowed to work.

Before he has been journeying long, he realises that, under the casual ward detention system, there is only one hope, the day of release, of finding time to look for work while making his way to the next casual ward, twenty or thirty miles away.

It is to use a bicycle.

For that reason, thousands of tramps have acquired ramshackle machines, bought for a few shillings with pennies miserably saved.

It is thus possible for them to visit armstads a mile or two off the main road—practically the only places, in present conditions, at which a hobo has any real prospect of getting employment for a day or two.

I know you will scarcely believe me. It is a solemn truth, however, that the law authorities are now taking the attitude that a tramp with a bicycle has no right, legal or humane, to enter a casual ward!

Terrors of "the Spike"

However dilapidated the bicycle, they pretend that ownership of it is not consistent with destitution, and that it could be sold, even if it fetches only enough to pay for one night's lodging inside the casual ward.

Useless for the tramp to plead that, without it, he will have less chance than ever in his hunt for work!

Can it be disputed, in face of this and the other evidence I have given, that it is official policy when a man is taken to pin him down?

As I proceed to reveal in JOHN BULL

the inner truth about the merciless consequences of the Spike—the name by which the casual ward is known on the road—my readers will find many reasons for astonishment.

It is necessary first, however, to understand the conditions under which a man can be received at one of these places.

He must sign at the gate a declaration that he is without means.

In other words, no one on the tramp needing temporary shelter in a casual ward is allowed even to begin saving sufficient money to enable him to settle down in ordinary lodgings for a day or two so that he may look round for a job.

Therefore he can never settle down anywhere.

After denying him the right to gather any money to do so, the system next demands that he shall immediately make his way elsewhere after leaving the casual ward. With the option, which I have mentioned, of enduring five nights' detention and performing four full days of compulsory hard toil.

In no part of Britain is a wayfarer permitted to possess a shilling.

The greatest concession that has been made is in the London districts, where a man—at the discretion of the workhouse masters—may own elevenpence-halfpenny without undue dread of having it confiscated.

Fourpence is the Limit

IN SOME AREAS THE AUTHORITIES TAKE EVERYTHING THE TRAMP HAS OVER THREEPENCE, BUT IN THE COUNTRY GENERALLY HE IS SAFE UP TO FOURPENCE. IT IS A CRIMINAL OFFENCE TO CONCEAL THE POSSESSION OF GREATER WEALTH.

Having proved his destitution, the hobo is next required to show his understanding and appreciation of what we call the Old Master on the Wall—the only mural decoration he will ever see in the casual ward.

This is a poster describing what penalties are in store for him if he disobeys a command or attempts to abscond.

It explains that any repetition of such offences make him liable to be condemned as a rogue and vagabond and imprisoned for two years.

Tens of thousands of men have qualified for that sentence. Because in the casual ward, any word or action, even the humblest request or protest, may be construed as an act of disobedience or insubordination.

From the Old Master it is also learned that, once inside, two nights must be spent in the establishment, interspersed

This is William Gape. Perhaps you have seen him as he wanders the roads of Britain?

with eight hours of labour — scrubbing, washing-down walls, laundry work, chopping, sawing and bundling wood, digging and the like.

An innocent who mentions that he has come to the district in the hope of finding work and pleads to be allowed to spend the next day looking for it must expect to be the subject of official mirth and ridicule.

He will not even get brief liberty to call at the local employment exchange to enquire if a job is on offer there.

And, often, he will be regarded as a veritable mug if he asks to be allowed to wash his underclothing or socks—a sheer necessity if the sweat-soaked work-seeker on the road is to keep himself free from vermin and disease.

In many casual wards there are no facilities at all for washing or drying. In others they are only available for one hour a week.

And, commonly, only water is provided—no soap.

It is a punishable offence if a tramp ignores these restrictions and surreptitiously cleans his clothing.

Accepting these conditions, the tramp is searched. Everything is taken from him—books, newspapers, pencil, note-paper, matches, tobacco.

Sole Bedding is Canvas

Then a meal, worth about twopence, with poor quality bread as its chief constituent.

Then the issue of a nightgown—and so, at five o'clock, to bed in a cell for twelve hours.

There is a bed. For the last eight

years the law has made it compulsory that there should be one. And bedding, too.

But in most casual wards it is held that the law must be satisfied if the "bedding" is interpreted as no more than a thin sheet of canvas fastened to the wire of the small, iron bedstead.

They Sleep on the Floors

There can be no rest on contraptions like these, weary though the men are after a twenty-mile trudge or an exhausting day of enforced labour.

To lie down on one for an hour or two means that the body, for days afterwards, is painfully marked with the pattern of the wire.

So the beds which beneficent legislation has provided are seldom used.

The men sleep on the floors.

Last Sunday I was in a West Country casual ward. Officials wanted to get off duty early. We were made to have supper at 3.30 in the afternoon, and were then given our nightgowns and sent to our cells to be locked up for the next fourteen hours.

These summer evenings we tramps in those cells—able-bodied men, remember, hunting for work—have to console ourselves with the laughter of children on the way home from school, children still playing long after we grown men have been put to bed.

NEXT WEEK: TRAGEDIES OF THE SPIKE.



DARE WE CHALLENGE THE JAPKS?



Predominant everywhere to-day is the yet unspoken fear that recent disturbances in the Far East may lead to a world conflagration.

● Could Britain wage a successful war against Japan? Could our fleet be spared to travel halfway round the world to the Far East? To what extent could we rely upon the co-operation of the U.S.? Of paramount importance are the answers to these vital questions. Significantly recalling the overwhelming defeat of the Russian Imperial Fleet by the Japanese in 1905, a German writer in the August "Parade" discusses this urgent problem, shows the unbelievable obstacles to be overcome by an attacking force in order to secure a decisive victory. This article—one of over 40 features—is typical of the up-to-the-minute, stimulating articles in "Parade." From every quarter of the globe come "Parade's" thought-provoking articles and features—condensed for quick and easy reading. Here, in compact, digest form, is a magazine giving a clear understanding of world affairs, of the questions of the day, of what the rest of the world thinks—a full shillingsworth for only sixpence! The August "Parade" is out July 14th. Get your copy early!

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PARADE

SHILLING
VALUE FOR

6D

"John Bull's" Investigator, concluding his series of Service surveys, tells you about—

The Nation's "Fourth Arm"



Men of the Auxiliary Fire Service practising rescue work

THIS page is all about the "Fourth Arm"—as the Prime Minister recently called the great body of citizens engaged in the many branches of civil defence.

He was right in thus bracketing the new legions of National Service with the Navy, Army and Air Force, for to-day they are as vital as the fighting services to the security of Britain.

Even in figures the comparison stands. Up to date, approximately 2,240,000 people are training in the different departments of A.R.P., and a campaign is about to be launched to recruit 500,000 more.

These huge totals are necessary because, in war-time, A.R.P. would be a twenty-four-hour business.

There must always be enough trained workers standing by for any emergency, otherwise the system breaks down.

So far, no town or village is up to that maximum of strength in all departments.

Indeed, a survey of progress throughout the land shows extraordinary patchiness, with the South generally rather better than the North.

In some places there is a surplus of certain A.R.P. grades and in others a deficiency in those same grades.

If only these "hills and valleys" could

be levelled out, progress would be simple.

But, of course, it is impossible to transfer the surplus in Town A to make up the shortage in Town B. Volunteers must remain near their homes or work-places.

So those 500,000 new recruits are badly needed.

Now, having just received guidance from an A.R.P. expert close to Sir John Anderson, I can pass on some interesting information.

On the men's side, in most places, the most urgent call—taking the country altogether—is for stretcher bearers.

They used to be called "First Aid Parties," but that was an awkward, uninspiring designation; so it has been altered to "stretcher bearer parties," which gives more indication of the dangerous work involved.

Directly the hazard of a job is recognised, then experience has shown there is always a rush of volunteers; for no man in health and strength wants it to be thought he has enrolled for his own safety.

The other "front line" men are air raid wardens, and auxiliary fire fighters.

Of course, the wardens are the key to the whole protection scheme. Upon them depends—well, practically everything.

If a warden fails in his handling of an area, then it is going to be too bad for that area.

The majority of wardens are middle-aged men, giving up their leisure to work for all of us; going back to "school" again to absorb lectures on all kinds of warfare subjects, and to pass strict examinations.

If they cannot qualify, they have to step down from the honour of the "front line."

Younger men have their best chance in the Auxiliary Fire Service, which has, in many towns, brought better recruiting than any other branch. It has made for itself a spirit; a corps loyalty and pride.

At the beginning, however, the A.F.S. was slow in moving. The idea of becoming a fireman was strange to the ordinary young man.

HE accepted the possibility of joining the Territorials, but to be a fireman was something quite out of the ordinary.

That is all altered. Men in the A.F.S. are propagandising; telling their friends how interesting and exciting their work is.

The stream of recruits is now steady—but still it should flow faster. London, for instance, already has 30,000 trained

By a

**"John Bull"
Investigator**

auxiliary firemen, but wants 20,000 more. I have watched the A.F.S. at their specialised work and can vouch how well they do it.

Their training is thorough and methodical. It is a carefully sectionalised course with professional firemen as the instructors.

First lessons are rather formal. You learn all about the equipment carried on a fire engine, and its handling.

Incidentally, you learn that a fire-engine is not a fire-engine! It is a "D.P." (dual purpose) or a "pump" to everyone in the game.

No one in the class knows his neighbour, and the instructor is only feeling his way in this teaching business. There is an air of restraint and diffidence.

BUT look at the class in a month's time. Twice a week for two hours the auxiliaries have been learning. They know one another now and are comrades.

The instructor they held in awe at first is tremendously popular, and has been given a nickname.

He never uses classroom methods, but because he jollies a nervous auxiliary (not everybody can climb a 50 ft. escape in professional style at the first attempt) and laughs at the over-cocksure, he gets fine results.

Finally comes the examination, success in which means a uniform in blue, with red striped trousers, a belt, axe, fire boots, leggings and tin hat for duty hours.

Best of all, there is the privilege of riding on a brigade appliance to real fires.

At one London station I visited, there were artists (complete with beards), motor-mechanics, stockbrokers, shop assistants, and two sandwichmen.

All get on well together. The man used to hard manual work may smile at the business man's struggle with a 13-ft.

ladder weighing 45 lb., but the business man gets his own back in the theory.

In the organisation of the A.F.S., this plan is the most accepted basis of emergency fire fighting:—

Each municipal borough or provincial town is divided into six districts of more or less equal size.

An A.F.S. station—usually a garage—is allocated to each district and equipped with motor trailer pumps, cars and ambulances.

When the need arises, auxiliaries will be on duty throughout the twenty-four hours at these stations.

Now about the women in A.R.P.

The truth is that they have not come forward in some spheres anything like so well as the men.

That is official and applies with most force to the younger women of ample leisure.

In a large number of towns the shortage of women drivers of motor-ambulances and ambulance attendants is acute.

One explanation given to me was that women really do have an inferiority complex about their motor driving.

Lately Croydon, in Surrey, sent out no fewer than 3,000 appeals to women living in the town and holding motor driving licences.

The result was twenty-seven replies.

Yet any woman driver of moderate experience could drive the light A.R.P. type of ambulance after the course of instruction which is given.

Even with nursing, the women have not responded as expected. The civil nursing reserve still calls for 50,000 entrants. And there is not any rush.

A LAST word on A.R.P. which may cause heartburning and will bring probably indignant denials:—

Of all cities in Britain, Nottingham is far and away the best organised.

Manchester, by comparison, is well behindhand. Indeed, the whole of Lancashire is not too good.

Bath is outstanding in the smartness and work of its personnel.

In London the best boroughs are Wandsworth, Chelsea and Paddington. Some London boroughs are—to put it politely—very disappointing.

Among the counties, Westmorland is right in the forefront for efficiency.

"Greatest of These . . ."



She needs your help, please

MRS. ROBINS is at her wits' end. She has to keep an invalid son and four small children on 8s. a week. Her ex-Service husband suffers from war wounds and is out of work, and his benefit barely pays the landlord.

Her fourteen-year-old son is ill with sugar diabetes, and although the doctor has ordered insulin and a special diet, Mrs. Robins cannot afford it and is forced to watch her son become gradually worse.

His mother says: "It is killing me to see my son eating bread for every meal because the doctor says he cannot cure him until he has the proper

diet. Please help me to save him."

Can you help Mrs. Robins? Subscriptions earmarked "Little Girl," or those for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

As is generally known, all expenses connected with the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL.

We gratefully acknowledge 10s. from Anon. (Wirral).

AFTER the children of Britain, the people most deserving the State's help and protection are the mothers of Britain. They are the guardians of the future.

But do they get all the help and protection they deserve? These pages give the answer.

We tell you of the plight of thousands of mothers in the distressed areas

We tell you of the way that unmarried mothers are punished long after they have expiated their sin

We tell you of mothers-to-be forced to wait in the queues at labour exchanges

Must these things always be?

Is 13s. 4d. Too Much for a Life?

OURS is a very wealthy country. Our Chancellors of the Exchequer can raise a thousand million pounds a year.

In such a country it is inconceivable that a great national experiment should have to be brought to an end because the State begrudged the last few hundred pounds necessary to bring it to completion.

Yet that is exactly what is happening.

One of the greatest enquiries ever undertaken—you will be able to assess the value of it for yourself in a moment—must stop because of Government parsimony.

FOR three years that enquiry has been going on. Continued for three more months, the masses of valuable data it has yielded could be summarised into a report of immense value to mankind.

But no, it must stop.

The subject of that enquiry? You might almost be able to guess it, if you have read *JOHN BULL* long enough.

Motherhood. How to make motherhood safer. Mention of that has always sent the Government rushing to tighten up its purse-strings.

The experiment has taken the form of feeding the palest, tireddest expectant mothers in the poorest parts of the kingdom with nutritious food that should belong by right to all women who are going to give new lives to the world.

The women have been watched and weighed, and their case-histories have been carefully followed.

By its means it would eventually have been possible to ascertain whether semi-starvation and not obscure complications is killing these

mothers at a rate of four thousand a year.

Valuable data was also being yielded as to the best food for mothers—and under a score of other heads as well.

To realise what miracle it has done, it is necessary to go back a little bit into its history.

THAT WILL SHOW THAT IT HAS SAVED LIVES AT 13s. 4d. A TIME.

It was started in 1935 by the Joint Council of Midwifery, with great help from the National Birthday Trust Fund.

The Commissioners for Special Areas voted it a £17,500 experimental grant over three years, making it possible to carry out the experiment on a really handsome scale.

In the most poverty-ridden areas of South Wales, 4,446 frail, semi-starved mothers-to-be were traced.

In the three months before their babies were to be born, they were given the special nutrition essential to motherhood.

There was no widespread distribution of luxuries. The experiment couldn't afford it. All that each mother required in those three months was 13s. 4d. worth of the right foods.

YET see what happened OF THOSE 4,446 FRAIL MOTHERS, ONLY TWO DIED.

Five times that proportion of mothers die over the kingdom as a whole—well-to-do mothers included!

A comparison was made with 9,040 mothers in the depressed areas who couldn't have the benefit of those special foods.

Of those, 3.54 per thousand died in childbirth—seven times as many as in the case of their poor sisters who had had 13s. 4d. spent on them.

It was unbelievable that human life could be bought so cheaply, so

the experiment was extended to other depressed areas.

The maternal death-rate among the first 27,000 mothers who were assisted was considerably less than half that for the country as a whole.

And all the time, remember, the experts connected with the experiment were preparing their data.

Then came March 29 last. The Queen went along to the London Guildhall to hear about the great experiment from the lips of the organisers.

Her Majesty mingled with two hundred working mothers who had received untold benefit as a result of the scheme—some of them from the very poorest parts of her kingdom—and with two hundred society women there to present purses to help the work forward.

The result of the three years' work was then announced—1.57 maternal deaths per 1,000 births, as against 4.26 per 1,000 in the case of mothers denied special nutrition.

The Queen was so delighted by all she heard that she made an entirely unexpected speech.

But all the time the organisers felt sick at heart.

They knew—few other people did—that just 24 hours later the three-years' grant of the Commissioners for the Special Areas would come to an end.

They had told the Commissioners and the Government that if help could be continued until the end of September the experiment could be completed and much valuable work done for poor mothers in the process—but no prayed-for "Yes" had been received.

Then, when the Queen had gone, and the experiment was out of the news again, came the answer "No!"

And no amount of persuasion has produced a change of official heart.

"WE are just heartbroken," *JOHN BULL* was told at the offices of the Joint Council of Midwifery.

"We are surrounded with medical and research data, but what can we do with it? What money we have left will find food for mothers until the end of July, but beyond that there isn't a penny."

"I expect our final report will get published somehow, but every penny that reaches us from now on will go on food."

"*John Bull*" would appeal to the Ministry of Health in the matter . . . but we know its answer already.

When it comes to motherhood, the Ministry spends in words only, never in coin.

It has been busy lately inviting local authorities to spend scores of thousands of pounds on improving their maternity services—but when councils in the depressed areas, who can't possibly raise the money from their impoverished ratepayers, ask for a penny of help it is refused.

Well might the Joint Council of Midwifery say, "We are just heartbroken."

So is everybody who has the interests of the mothers of this country at heart.

MOTHERS

UNMARRIED UNCARED

MILLIONS of people in this country say they have no time for unmarried mothers.

If you tell them how little the nation does to relieve the mental anxieties of those poor young women they will say: "Serves 'em right."

The great work done by such excellent organisations as the National Council for the Unmarried Mother and Her Child they describe as wicked condonation of a heinous sin.

It is because so many Members of Parliament are afraid of losing the votes of those people so ready to throw the first and every other stone, that unmarried mothers and their babes look in vain for one human, sympathetic glance from officialdom.

Let us look back momentarily to the year 1919, when the young men now being called up for the Militia were born.

ONE in five of the 41,876 illegitimate children born in 1919 died before it reached its first birthday.

That mortality was far more than twice as high as in the case of other children born in the same year.

Why? Because we treated those illegitimate children and their mothers as we wouldn't treat cattle—and we are still treating such unfortunates in that way, apart from the voluntary efforts made to help them.

Thousands of those women were driven to have their babies in workhouses, as public institutions were called in those days. And once there, they didn't find it easy to get out again.

Officialdom seemed anxious to make them serve life sentences for their one mistake.

Some of them preferred to have their babies in barns, even in the fields.

There wasn't anything in the way of proper homes, proper understanding of their peculiar problems, for one in ten of them.

BUT that is history, painful history. What are we doing for them to-day?

In plain fact, we are doing very little more officially, although voluntary efforts are being increased and intensified.

The laws of England still say that a domestic servant who is going to have a baby can be peremptorily dismissed, without notice of any kind.

And many of them still have to go into what we used to call workhouses because the voluntary organisations cannot find the money to supply all the homes necessary for accouchement, and all the hostels for after-care.

on the RACK

ED—AND

D FOR

Some of them still prefer to have their babies in the fields.

A shameful reason for that is that there are actually local authorities in this country which, once having spent money in harbouring the baby of an unwanted mother, will not permit the poor woman to see her child more than once in three months.

Sometimes girls in this predicament haunt the districts in which their babies are housed. They have been known to throw up their jobs to hang about pavements in the hope of seeing their own children.

There is a type of official mind which cannot grasp the simple fact that an unmarried mother can have the very highest instincts of motherhood.

Officials of that kind have one set idea, to take the baby away from its mother. Then, they argue, she can earn her living free from encumbrances.

Every organisation that has anything to do with these women—the Salvation Army, the Council for the Unmarried Mother and her Child, the Mission of Hope and others—cries out to high heaven that this isn't true.

They prove beyond a shadow of doubt that most of these girls are spurred to rebuild their lives for the sheer joy and privilege of bringing up their own babies, respectably—yet are inclined to sink and sink when robbed of their children.

THE children, in the mass, are just as much in need of their mothers' love, care and devotion as any other children.

Yet thousands of these mothers are separated from their babies, against their real wishes, every year, and not all the horrors of baby farming have been abolished.

Whitehall has told these organisations plainly that it has no funds available to subsidise an unmarried mother in the first few months of her child's life.

So the problem goes on unsolved. And, as one result, even to-day something like 60 per cent. more illegitimate children die in the first year of life than legitimate.

Think of the problems of just one or two of these women.

There are thousands of girls employed in offices as Miss Somebody-or-other, to whom the thought of being kept late is a nightmare.

They have babies whom they put in day nurseries while they earn the keep of their little homes, and matrons have to keep reminding them: "Day nursery hours are not elastic. If you can't call for your child at the proper time, I am afraid you'll have to take her away."

There are landlords who will not allow unmarried mothers to make homes on their property. "We must keep our houses respectable," they say.

Maternity and child welfare auth-

orities have official powers to help these mothers and their babies.

Public Assistance authorities can put them in public institutions or provide them with out-relief.

Local authorities can, in certain circumstances, adopt the children. And that is about as much as this country will do for either mother or child.

There are cases in which they can do nothing.

For instance, a girl who was the innocent victim of a bigamous marriage, and who applied for help when the man was arrested for theft, was told that in the particular circumstances she could have no help of any kind.

To-day we are wanting all the little unwanted.

Surely that should help to produce some change in the official mind.



Motherhood should be a woman's most wonderful experience. Too often it is her most terrible trial

Cut the Toll of Maternity!

AND now what about the mothers of Britain as a whole?

They tell their own stories—poor women and well-to-do women alike—in the letters they send to JOHN BULL.

Read their disclosures for yourself, and cease to wonder why forty-five women die in childbirth every week.

First of all, let them indict the National Health Insurance Acts.

When women workers are going to have a baby, they are often dismissed as unfit for employment.

In that event unemployment benefit is refused them.

At the time when they need more nourishment, they get less. When one of their outstanding needs is mental tranquillity, they are worried to death.

On the other hand, they may lose their employment while still, in official eyes, "capable of work."

In that event they must queue up at the employment exchange to get their standard benefits or unemployment allowances.

In other words, when they should be getting a maximum of rest they are often standing for long periods under conditions of embarrassment as well as strain.

IT boils down to this: that they are made to suffer whether the Ministry regards them as fit for work or unfit.

Then, many thousands of working mothers have been hard-hit by yet another injustice.

If they have gone on the panel for a time before their babies are born they must, on the day of the baby's birth, sign a final certificate which removes them from the panel for a month.

Now that month is perhaps the most precarious in a woman's life.

All sorts of things might happen to her in those four weeks.

Yet she is regarded as fit for work from the moment her baby is born. For a month following the birth she is not chargeable to the National Health Insurance Funds, no matter how long she may have been a contributor.

Maternity benefits are small enough, in all conscience! The woman who can have a baby without some sort of raid on the family savings is a miracle-worker indeed.

BUT there is a more serious point than that.

That is the fact that the wives of insured workers, if not themselves insured, are not entitled to medical benefits.

Father can go to his doctor whenever he feels there is anything wrong with him—but what about mother?

She begrudges spending with the doctor money that would buy food for her family, no matter how ill she feels or how alarmed she may be about her health.

Not even a visit to a pre-natal clinic a few months before her baby is due is going to undo the ill-effects to her health of years of enforced neglect.

Then—how often have we ourselves stressed it: every day we get confirmation from our women readers—there are not enough maternity hospitals, not enough beds in the maternity hospitals we have got.

How often have you read of the tragedy of some poor woman who has died in the ambulance while being hustled along from one hospital to another? And is there any earthly reason why maternity homes, and hospitals with maternity accommodation, shouldn't keep in touch with each other?

We are always hearing from women who, having written to a home asking whether they could be

accommodated on a certain date, are told "No" a fortnight or more later, but are given no hint as to where they might get a bed.

They get more and more desperate as each fresh letter brings back another such refusal, without a word of help of any kind.

There should be a central register in every big town or city.

And in too many districts the only maternity accommodation available is under the poor law.

Women don't like to be regarded as paupers, no matter how little they are able to contribute to the cost of bringing a new life into the world.

Especially when local authorities are prepared to sue working mothers for as much as £15 for their accommodation.

Then how many women ask us: "What is this analgesia Lady Baldwin has written about in JOHN BULL?"

Since Lady Baldwin advocated in these columns the use of analgesia to take the pain out of motherhood, the surgeons of Britain, the gynaecologists of Britain and the midwives of Britain have all, through their official organisations, described it as safe and foolproof.

The apparatus is cheap. Every thing necessary to take the terror out of motherhood can be carried at the back of a midwife's bicycle.

Yet there are scores and scores of maternity hospitals that will take no steps at all to acquire such apparatus.

As Lady Baldwin herself once told the writer of this article:

"There are too many old women who take the view that as they had to endure the pains of childbirth, why shouldn't the young women of to-day, but who achieve their object by pretending that you can only love a baby born in pain."

NOTHING so clearly reveals why the mothers are dying as the figures yielded by a Government enquiry.

It shows that of the mothers who have died and could have been saved, 15 per cent. owe their deaths to lack of ante-natal care, 19 per cent. to errors of judgment, 3.7 to lack of facilities, 7.7 to negligence on the part of the patient.

DO YOU WONDER WHY WE SAY THAT MOTHERHOOD IS ON THE RACK?



Charlie Ferny Sees it Through—2

continuing our brilliant new series of short stories
about the retired Cockney who keeps the
"Fox" down at Neston Magna—

by DAVID ADAM

PEN of VENOM

ALTHOUGH the sun had not yet climbed from behind the great whale-back bulk of One Tree Down, Postman Parsons, glancing up with a weather eye, saw that the single tattered hawthorn on the hill was a black skeleton against a ragged ribbon of pale yellow.

It would rain before his second round, he thought.

Neston Magna was stirring as his heavy boots crunched the gravel of the roadway. Lazy threads of thin blue

smoke waved upwards from cottage chimneys, and Widow Izzod's pump-handle clanked and creaked as she filled her early morning kettle.

There was a letter for her, and Postman clomped round to the back of the cottage to deliver it into her hand, for it bore a Canadian stamp, and would be news from her daughter in Toronto.

He liked to see her face when she got those letters from Kittie.

A card for Jim Bates—a circular for Miss Pringle at the Chantry—and a fat package for young Alfie Thomas.

A rare one for cutting out and posting coupons was young Alfie, and a week never went by but what he got a free sample of something or other.

Postman chuckled as he remembered the do-to-do there'd been when young Alfie's sister Bertha had been found with her little mouth full of reducing tablets. He rattled the package speculatively; sounded as if it might be seeds this time.

Beneath the deep thatch of the Fox By The Hill, Postman Parsons hesitated. The kindly lines of his weather-reddened face deepened to a grimace that seldom settled there, and his stubby fingers beat a thoughtful tattoo on the back of the envelope he held.

"TAINT a right thing at all," he muttered. "There's a madness in it somewheres."

He went round to the side door of the sleeping inn, and thrust the letter towards the letter-box, as if glad to get rid of it.

Then he paused and took another look at the envelope.

It was addressed in large, untidy block letters to "Mrs. Ferny, The Fox, Neston Magna." Postman knew the hand well, but he would have given a good deal to have known the writer.

Those stubby fingers itched to tear the letter up and scatter the pieces in the fast water of the little Benner stream that flowed down the side of the road behind him.

Or to fasten themselves on the nameless author whose vicious missives he had perforce to deliver.

More than twenty in the last month. Almost every day. . . . Always the same straggling capital letters. . . . Always addressed to some blameless woman. . . . Always the same wicked and baseless slander.

AND always bearing a local postmark. A cheerful whistle and the sound of splitting firewood came from the lean-to shed behind the inn, and Postman lifted the latch of the back gate.

"You there, Charlie?" he called. "Ar!" a deep voice answered in the unregenerate accents of far Bermondsey. "And that'll be George Parsons with me fan mail. Is there a blue 'un for me, George?"

Any other morning, Postman would have answered the question with a

Charlie frowned at the half-sheet of note-paper



what's had a 'nonyous letter. They got nowheres yet s'far as I can see. "True 'nough, George," said the innkeeper. "But it's not smartness as 't

(Continued on page 24)

chuckle. He enjoyed the pert Cockney wit of this happily exiled Londoner! but now he pursed his lips and found it hard to speak at all.

"It's worse nor that, Charlie," he said at length. "One o' them 'nonyous ones. it is. Fer the missus."

The wood-chopping ceased abruptly, and Charlie Ferny came to the open door of the shed, axe in hand.

With a grunt he took the letter from the postman, glanced at the address, then thrust a broad thumb behind the flap.

He frowned over the half-sheet of paper that the envelope contained, and massaged the side of his thick, straight nose with a finger-tip.

One blue eye was half-closed against the curl of smoke from his cigarette, the other moved from side to side at first rapidly, as he scanned the message, then more slowly as he read it a second time.

Then he folded the slip neatly, returned it to its envelope, which he slipped into his waistcoat pocket.

"Come in a minute, George, will yer?" said Charlie Ferny, and led the way through the dark little scullery into the tap-room. Postman clomped through behind him.

"TOO early for a pint, George?" Charlie asked, over his broad shoulder. And Postman's grim-set face took on a smile.

"I never got up that early," he said: so the innkeeper reached two tankards from their hooks behind the bar, and a turned spigot set loose a cheerful sounding streamlet of ale.

The tankards before them and a white-scrubbed table between them, the two men faced each other in the dim light.

"Look 'ere, George," said Charlie; "I reckon it's nigh on time summat was done to put a stop to this. There's a heap o' mischief bein' done by some-body wot ought to be taught a lesson."

"Aye . . . you're right," growled Postman. "But I dun' see how we'm goin' to do it. Sam Martin's bin at it for three weeks now, and you know as we've often said he's smart enough to be a sergeant."

"An' them detective fellers from Bulchester, too. They bin down here two-three days a week, a 'ferrettin' about and askin' a mort o' questions of everyone

POISONED WOUNDS HEALED

No Lancing Now!

Germolene has been wonderful in my case of septic poisoning. For years I have been off work, often sixteen or eighteen weeks at a time through this trouble, trying all sorts of remedies with no good results on my arms and hands. At length I tried **Germolene**, no lancing required now, but after hot fomentations and **Germolene**, my arms healed beautifully.

Yours sincerely, W.A.

Germolene
The World's Greatest Healer!

Skin Troubles cannot resist the healing power of **Germolene**. At the first touch it soothes and heals the sore and painful place—stops irritation—begins to heal.

ULCERS SORES BAD LEG ECZEMA IMPETIGO RINGWORM SCALDS
ABSCESSSES BOILS ITCH WOUNDS STRAINS

No matter what vein skin trouble may be get soothed, healing **Germolene** 12/-
6d. 1/3. 3/- & 12/-
6 Per Tin Sold Everywhere

6 FOR 1/-
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HAVE YOU TRIED THE THIN GILLETTE?

Thin Gillettes sell at a new low price for Gillette blades—6 for 1/-. Specially designed for tender skins, they will give you greater comfort and smoother, quicker, cleaner shaving than you've ever had from a low-priced blade. Golden in colour, honed to the famous super-sharp Gillette edge, these Thin Gillette blades mean better shaving at less cost! Buy a packet today.

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COMPLEXION ALL OVER!"



Yes thank you, I've had a lovely bath. Feel marvellous, radiant, and as fresh as a daisy. What's more, I'm clean. I know I'm perfectly clean because according to 20,000 beauty experts olive oil in my soap will thoroughly cleanse and soothe and beautify my skin all at one go. So I'm taking their advice and going all out for Schoolgirl Complexion all over—with my daily Palmolive bath.

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We will take your OLD furniture at a price to be mutually agreed—we will supply you with BRAND NEW FURNITURE AT SALE PRICES—the price allowed for your old furniture will be regarded as first payment on the new goods. No other cash outlay required.

No. 9731 A comfortable and durable Three-Piece Suite, upholstered in Dermide, with loose sprung Velveteen cushions to seats. Furniture that USUALLY SELLS FOR 12½ Gns. Cash Price

NOW 9 Gns.
Credit Price 18 Gns.

**1/4
WEEKLY**



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J.B. 12.7.39

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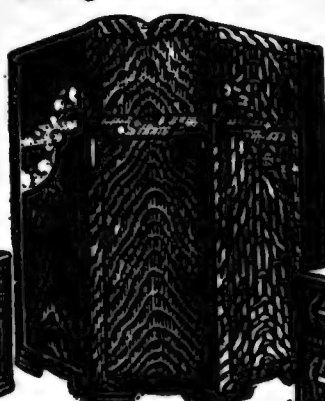
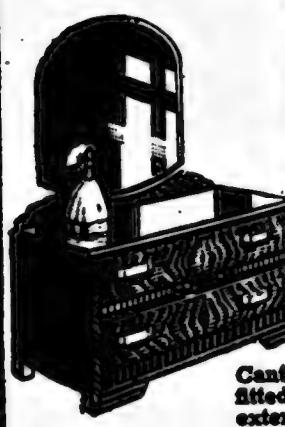
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Furniture made
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Cent-front 4-ft. WARDROBE
fitted with shelves, hooks,
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J.B. 12.7.39

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NEWCASTLE 85-87, Northumberland Street
SWANSEA 33-34, High Street
LEICESTER The Clocktower, 6, Haymarket
WATFORD 35-37, The Parade, High Street
ALDERSHOT The Triangle, Birchett Road
GLASGOW 19-23, Sauchiehall Street
BEDFORD 22, St. Peter's Street
CANTERBURY Marlows House,
57-58, St. George's Street
CHATHAM 78-80, High Street
CROYDON 5, London Road
EASTBOURNE 81-83-85, Seaside Road
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PLYMOUTH 7-8-9, The Octagon, Union St.
170 OTHER BRANCHES

Short Story—Continued from Page 22

Men Notice
Housework
Hands

Your hands will keep soft, smooth and attractive even though you do housework, if you rub in 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly every night at bedtime, then wipe off. Doctors say 'Vaseline' Jelly replaces the natural oils. Start tonight. Jars 4d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins.

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TONIC YEAST

Pen of Venom!

catch this 'ere poison pen, as they calls it—nor yet askin' questions."

His face was lost for a moment behind the shining pewter of his tankard, and when it emerged his eyes fixed the postman's.

He tapped his waistcoat pocket significantly.

"There's summat in this letter you just brought as 'as given me a bit of an idea, and I wants you to help me put it to test, as you might say."

"You and me and the missus—that's all as need know about it. As Sam Martin was a sayin' last night, we can't be sure o' nobody—not even the Rector."

"Is 'ouse-keeper told my missus as 'e'd been sittin' up late writin' these last few weeks. Not that I set much store by what Ellen Rhys says, though she's 'ad three letters 'erself."

"Now listen, George. . . . Charlie Ferny's voice took on a slightly conspiratorial note; and as he talked, Postman nodded now and then. . . .

* * *

The shuffling sound of many feet on the rough board floor gave place to a patter of applause.

When that had died down, the Rev. Athur Panton was smiling gently at his flock—or at such of his flock as had not taken the evening bus into Sulchester.

The less substantial but more sophisticated joys of the great new cinema that now leered contemptuously down upon the timbered market hall had made his task as Master of the Ceremonies at Neston Magna's church socials a little trying.

AT one time there had been no more competition to contend with than that of the Fox By The Hill, and the rather doubtful billiards table at the Men's Institute.

But now he had to exercise his mind, which had grown unaccustomed to thinking new thoughts after twenty-four quiet years in Neston, to evolve new ways of keeping the party going.

He was smiling an amused smile now, at the thought of the announcement he had to make. He cleared his throat, and the buzz of conversation obediently faded out.

"Ladies and gentlemen.—The next item on the programme"—he could never think of another way of putting it—"is a surprise item."

"It certainly surprised me when Mrs. Ferny suggested it." He chuckled. "She tells me it is quite the latest thing on the wireless. That may be so, but if my memory serves me aright, it was far from being quite the latest thing when I was a very small boy, and that is many, many years ago. . . ."

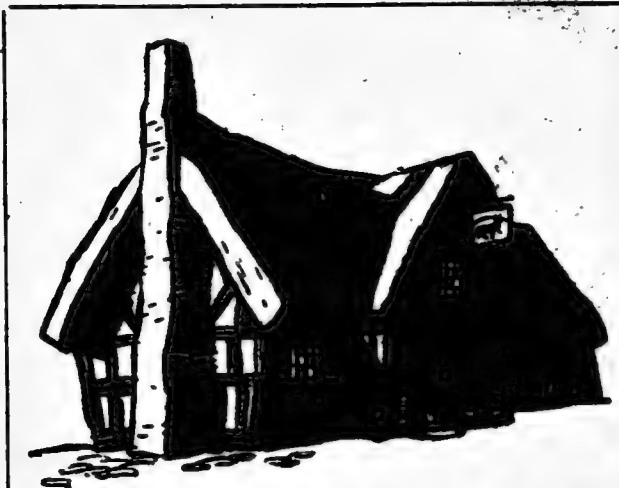
THE few young people before him stirred a little restively. The older ones had grown used to the vein of rambling reminiscence that tended to creep into the Rector's announcements.

"Well," said the Rector. "Old or new, Victorian or—ah—Neo-Georgian, we are to have a spelling-bee!"

"Ladies versus gentlemen, it will be, and Mrs. Ferny will now pass round pencils and papers to all who wish to take part. You begin by putting your names at the top of the paper."

The homely form of Mrs. Ferny detached itself from the group by the table at the head of the hall. While Rector marshalled the men on one side of the room and the women on the other, Mrs. Ferny and Postman Parsons handed round the slips of paper.

Soon there was no sound in the hall but the scratch of pencils, an occasional self-conscious giggle from the distaff side, and the mellow voice of Rector, who read a number of not-very-difficult words at intervals of half a minute.



Here's the "Fox By The Hill," Charlie Ferny's pub, at Neston Magna. Next week Charlie answers the call of a squire in distress and, with the help of a punt and a flood, breaks down the squire's objection to the friendship of a young couple.

Some of them he announced with diffidence. They seemed odd words for Mrs. Ferny to have chosen.

He rather wished he had been able to read the list beforehand, but Mrs. Ferny had not handed it to him until the last moment, and he hesitated to risk offending such a pleasant little body by substituting more suitable words extempore.

Mrs. Ferny's plump hands shook a little as she collected the slips of paper when the game was finished, but a steady glance from Postman Parsons reassured her.

The ladies, it seemed, had beaten the gentlemen by seventeen all-correct lists to fourteen, and from the desultory clapping that followed the announcement poor Rector was compelled to admit to himself that spelling-bees would never bring the cinema-loving younger set of Neston back to the social fold.

Mrs. Ferny, however, was quite satisfied with the result. She was not concerned with its entertainment value; indeed, she never felt further from being entertained in her life than now, as she slipped into her handbag one of the papers that she had collected.

CHARLIE FERNY unhooked his jacket from its nail on the kitchen door and went out through the dark little taproom into the hard sunlight of the street.

Over the stream by the wooden foot-bridge, into the deep shadow of the chestnuts bordering the school playground, past the trim butcher's shop where old Ben Stevens was polishing his big meat-hooks with emery, and along by the churchyard wall to the creaking lychgate that opened on to the side-path to the rectory.

He gave a satisfied grunt when he caught a glimpse of the spare, stooping form of the Rector among his roses at the far end of the garden.

Charlie's business was not with the Rector, and he went past the turn of the path that led to the front of the big old house.

Annie answered his knock, wiping her hands on a tattered kitchen towel. She gave him "Good afternoon, Mester Ferny," in her slow, simple voice; and he asked if Mrs. Rhys were in.

Annie nodded, and her too-big shoes clopped away over the stone-flagged floor.

Charlie heard her call "Missus Rhy-y-y!" and soon the little black-haired, black-eyed Welsh woman who kept house for Rector was asking the innkeeper, in her thin, sing-song voice, to step in and sit him down.

"I bin wanting to 'ave a bit of a chat with you, Mrs. Rhys," said Charlie, in

the quiet, level tone that never failed to get him a respectful hearing from the most recalcitrant customer at the Fox.

"Why, yes, Mr. Ferny, I was always one for a chat myself!" Her eyes, bright and quick as a blackbird's, darted a glance at him.

Charlie Ferny did not laugh.

"You an' me, Mrs. Rhys," he said, "don't rightly belong 'ere in Neston. . . . We're strangers, the two of us, as you might say, but we're different."

"Now, I've bin 'ere for a matter of five years, and I've never stopped being thankful for it. A bit o' good luck give me the chance to come down 'ere and leave the Big Smoke be'ind for good, and I reckons the folk rahnd abah't 'ere are the salt o' the earth."

"They knows a thing or two abah't livin' what we've never learned in London, nor yet in Swansea, Mrs. Rhys."

"These, are strange things you are saying, Mr. Ferny!"

"Ar!" Charlie interposed.

"Mebbe they do sound strange to you, for as I says jus' now, you an' me are different. You don't see these things. You

only see that they got something as you'll never 'ave, s'long as you live. And, jealous-like, you'd like to make 'em what you are yourself—a cantankerous and mischief-making old bundle o' bitterness."

The little housekeeper's voice screamed at him.

"What in goodness are you saying? I'll have the law on you. . . . I'll . . ."

"Wait a minute!" The innkeeper's deep Cockney voice silenced her shrilling. "That's jus' what I come to talk to you abah't—the law. Mebbe you don't know that the law's bin looking for you for best part of a month? And if you don't listen to me, it's going to find you."

FROM his waistcoat pocket he drew two slips of paper, and pushed them across the kitchen table towards her.

One of the slips bore her name. It was the paper on which she had written words at Rector's dictation at last night's spelling-bee. Three of the words were underlined in red pencil.

The other paper bore no name. Three of the words in its cruel message were similarly marked in red. They were similarly mis-spelled—"Deagusting; Orgey; Sinfull." The very words that Rector had hesitated over.

Mrs. Rhys' hand shot out, but Charlie was too quick for her. With a sweep of his thick fingers, he gathered up the papers and rose to his feet.

"I don't doubt," he said, "that Rector'll take a week's notice. Mebbe 'e'll be glad to. I'll keep these bits o' paper by me till I 'ear you've gone."

As he strode from the kitchen, Charlie Ferny did not look back. There were "pleasanter things for a man to rest an eye on than Ellen Rhys' face at that moment."

All the Answers!

How does it work? How often have you asked yourself that question when reading of a new warship, or war plane, when "looking in" at television?

You can satisfy your curiosity about these and many other things through a splendid new book which has just been published by the Illustrated London News.

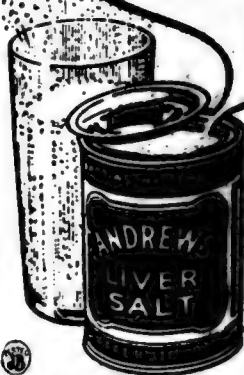
Called "Inside Knowledge," the book contains a number of large-size diagrams giving sectional plans of several warships, a huge plan of the "Queen Mary" and details of many of the war planes of the Great Powers.

Radio, television, lightships, and gas-holders are also described, while several pages are devoted to A.R.P.

"Inside Knowledge" is a beautifully presented book which everyone should have. It is on sale at 3s. 6d.

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ELISABETH SARDINES

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Almost dead on, with strongest light behind ship. Main part of hull should be dark, from silhouette. Strong, bright line of light on far side of bow. (Note: A dinghy in the foreground conveys size of ship.)

2 Boat Deck



Looking fore or aft with a fairly low viewpoint. Sunlight from the side. Make the most of silhouette of boats and davits. A yellow filter is a great asset.

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Norma having retired, Humphrey's new play has to have a new leading lady.



Norma comes down to watch rehearsals.



Norma does her best to cheer up Humphrey.

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The WIZARDS of HATTON GARDEN

JUST past the home of the bul-
lion buyers in the heart of
Hatton Garden, you come on
the jewellers' research station.

Like the rest of Hatton Garden, it
hides remarkable secrets under a com-
monplace exterior.

Men walk these streets with fortunes
held in tiny screws of paper. They
might be clerks or bookmakers, somehow
they never look the part of the diamond-
dealer.

It is the same with the research
station. You need to penetrate beyond
the doorway before you know its real
nature.

Inside, the main room is medium-
sized. The lighting is subdued. There
are scientific instruments, Westphal
balances, and liquid bubbling gently in
a pale retort.

For a moment you think of the ancient
alchemist and his mysterious chambers.
Then you meet slim, quiet-voiced Mr.
Anderson, and you are definitely back
again in the twentieth century.

Mr. Anderson and Mr. Payne run the
laboratory for a committee of jewellers
in association with the Chamber of Com-
merce. They are diamond experts who
have shaken the confidence of endless
fakers.

Their laboratory is the home of the
jewel trade's expert witnesses. They
can tell you things about the habits
of diamond crooks which would
astonish the crooks themselves.

EXPERT WITNESS—3

Jewels are no longer identified by
colour, type and weight alone. They
have a special finger-print system.

Each jewel has crystallisations of its
own in the same way that we have our
own finger-prints. By means of micro-
photography experts can easily dis-
tinguish different characteristics, and
identify the stone.

Your diamond thief counters by
splitting the diamond into several pieces.
Unfortunately, that does not destroy the
individuality of crystallisations. The
expert can still pick out all the little
tell-tale lines.

RECENTLY two valuable diamonds
were stolen from a West End shop.
They were rather unusual dia-
monds, and jewellers throughout the
country read the case with interest.

Nothing more was heard for four
months. Then one grey November day
two elderly men entered a jeweller's shop
in Liverpool and asked the value of six
beautiful stones.

The jeweller gave them a rough esti-
mate. Would he be interested in a deal?
Certainly, but he would need time to
confirm his estimate. Whereupon the
men thanked him and left.

Something about this rapid departure
aroused the jeweller's suspicion, and sud-
denly it flashed across him that the
stones he had just examined had been
cut and re-set from the two stolen
diamonds.

He thought quickly. They would try
to dispose of them somewhere else in the
district. First he phoned the police,
and then got through to the only other
jeweller in the town capable of buying
the stones. The two elderly gentlemen
were already there. His expert was busy
examining the stones.

He confirmed their origin. Expertise
cutting could not change their crystal-
lisations. Later, when the men were
charged, London experts gave evi-
dence.

They briefly explained the nature of
crystallisations and proved that the six
stones were cut from the missing
diamonds.

Some years ago Glasgow was troubled
by a spate of diamond frauds. The
diamonds had been sold in several dif-
ferent shops and were subsequently
found to be fakes.

In one instance eighteen months
elapsed before the woman concerned
found the flaw in her diamonds.

The diamonds appeared to have passed
through the hands of several middle-
men between the time they reached this
country and the time they were resold
in the shops.

SOME excellent detective work finally
discovered the central distributor.
He had bought the stones as Zircon
or Jargon, carefully treated them, and
resold them as something quite
different.

When, finally, he was charged, the
prosecution found it necessary to call an
expert diamond witness. The whole
case had become so complex, and the
accused man had produced such a con-
vincing story, that the jury appeared in
doubt.

"Is it possible to explain in simple
terms how these stones were faked?"
Mr. Justice McCardie asked. "I think
it might help the jury."

"The process is fairly simple," the ex-
pert witness replied. "You have only
to heat Zircon carefully and its lustre
begins to increase. At the same time it
loses its natural tinge and tends to

become colourless. Once
the stone is mounted it is
very difficult to detect the
fake.

"Has the stone you hold
in your hand been faked?"

"Yes."

"Can you prove that to the court?"

"Certainly, but, with your permis-
sion, I would like to do it at close
quarters..." He moved across, took
an ordinary sheet of paper, and pen-
cilled a single dot near its centre.

Then he went on...

"There is one strong quality Zircon
has which this faking does not destroy.
... Double refraction. Now if I place
this stone over the single pencil dot,
and you look at the dot through the
stone, you will see not one dot, but two.
... Which proves that the stone is
Zircon and not worth the price paid for
it..."

ANOTHER case brought the diamond
experts into court to demonstrate
the method used for faking blue
and white diamonds.

This time it was alleged that a certain
Scottish gentleman had attempted to
substitute a faked stone for the real blue
and white diamond, following a business
transaction.

"Can you prove which of these two
stones is genuine?" the judge asked.
"They look very much alike to me..."

"Yes," said the expert, picking one
up. "This stone has been carefully
treated with blue wax and varnish.
Originally it was a much cheaper
yellowish diamond. I will wash it in
alcohol to prove that."

Slowly the wax and varnish dissolved.
Gradually the diamond took on its true
yellow tinge. The jury needed little
more evidence to convict the man.

The skill of the modern alchemist has
produced something uncannily near real
diamonds by artificial means.

Remarkably good rubies can also be
made. The process is fascinating.
Alumina powder and chrome-alum are
poured into a container standing above
a blow-pipe.

An electro-magnetic hammer then
begins its gentle tapping, spilling the
powder into the blow-pipe. Gas carries
the powder along until the gas is sud-
denly ignited. Then the powder begins
to melt.

Dripping slowly downwards, the
globules are caught on another surface
where they build up into pyramid form.
When it cools you have a boule of ruby
which, with some slight cutting and
polishing, could produce two six-carat
stones.



A diamond expert
making a preliminary
examination

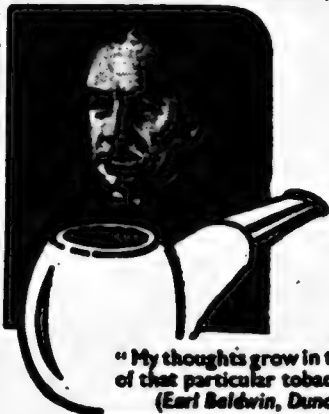
SICK HEADACHE caused by sour stomach

Sick headache is just one of many miseries
borne by the stomach sufferer. It comes
on without warning—a stabbing pain over
the eye, a sense of sickness and the depressing
feeling that your work is "getting on top
of you."

At these times the sensible course is to
take a soothing dose of Maclean Brand
Stomach Powder in water or milk. This
corrects the sourness. In a few minutes
your pain fades away, your mind clears
and soon you feel yourself again.

Each week brings grateful letters from
those who have discovered the wonderful
effectiveness of Maclean Brand Stomach
Powder in defeating every stomach ail.
By adjusting the delicate balance of the
digestion, it immediately removes the cause
of acidity, heartburn, flatulence and bilious-
ness, leaving your stomach not only relieved,
but fortified against future attack.

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is only genuine if the signature
"ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle
and carton. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. Powder or
Tablets. New slide-top pocket tin
(50 tablets) 1/3; also 6d. tin (15 tablets).



"My thoughts grow in the aroma
of that particular tobacco."
(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925)

Presbyterian
13 Mixture

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Pimples and rashes that disfigure you and
make you ashamed to be seen—Chronic
Eczema that makes your life a misery with
its stinging itching day and night—
Stubborn boils and ulcers that have defied
all your efforts to heal them—They all begin
to mend at the first application of Cuticura
Ointment. So powerful is the healing action
of Cuticura that pimples fade and vanish
after one or two applications. Eczema of
years' standing has been completely
extinguished with a single tin of this
amazing healer. Its germ-killing, soothing,
purifying ingredients sink to the depths of
the eruption and eradicate the poisons that
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For clean, safe healing of all skin outbreaks
and injuries—for sure protection against
septic germs—there's nothing more reliable
and handy than this unfailing healer.

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"My face, neck, chest and legs became covered with
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It's not only
active people
who get
'B.O.'



Holding the pose for half an hour. Still as a statue whilst the artist conveys her beauty to his canvas. Although never a muscle moves, yet she perspires. This may sound surprising, but doctors tell us we all perspire as much as 1½ pints daily.

Body-Odour, a direct result of perspiration, is so unpleasant. Yet perspiration itself is perfectly

natural and necessary. It's when waste matter is allowed to linger in the skin pores and become stale that we get 'B.O.'

Lifebuooy Toilet Soap is the perfect safeguard. Its full rich lather, with the special health element, penetrates deep into the pores, washing away all stale perspiration, all impurities. It's so refreshing and invigorating to take a bath with Lifebuooy Toilet Soap. Use it regularly and be sure of Personal Freshness always.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

prevents "B.O." (body-odour)

A LEVER PRODUCT

LBT 424-304-65



About 1½ pints of perspiration

are expelled from the average person's system daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities.

They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuooy Toilet Soap.



CROSSWORD No. 162.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON page 26 is presented the 162nd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Accuracy and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. H. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Foster, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the basis of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, August 3, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL's free weekly BLAT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 26. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is implied binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

RHEUMATIC PAIN ENDED

ALSO
SUN
HEADACHES
NERVE PAINS
LUMBAGO
SUMMER
COLDS AND
CHILLS

FOR 2d

HERE'S your passport to RELIEF! Here's the "magic" to end your Rheumatic Agony! And the cost is only 2d! Those sharp jabs in the Muscles, those twinges in the Joints, that stiffness, that crippling agony of inflamed Nerves—2d brings you ease, comfort and FREEDOM! Beechams Powders are daily freeing thousands from suffering. They cost only 2d each but the relief they bring is BEYOND PRICE! They also help to clear the Uric Acid from your system! Get YOUR supply IMMEDIATELY!



Cartons of 6 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d each. Not laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

ACT LIKE MAGIC!

Humanist's Page

EVERY holiday season brings its own problems, and my letter-bag this week was full of them. Here is the first, from a married man:

"Although I have been married quite happily for a number of years I have always advocated separate holidays for husband and wife.

"When our children were very young I realised that this ideal would have been unfair to my wife, but now they are older the question reasserts itself.

"My wife, while she would not attempt to enforce her wishes, does not agree with me, and I am loath to do anything of which she disapproves.

"I say that separate holidays give both a new outlook on life, more freedom to make the most of all-too-infrequent changes in surroundings and also eliminate the danger of taking the joys of married life too much for granted.

"I know you are willing to give your advice and help in such matters and I can assure you it will be very much appreciated in this instance."

It is impossible to make a rigid rule about this problem. So much depends on personal tastes. If the man craves for a walking or cycle tour when the wife wants a seaside holiday where she can lie in a deck-chair all day the sensible thing would be to separate for a fortnight.

The man would be bored with doing nothing and the wife would hate walking or cycling.

MANY people I know go their different ways as a matter of course. Others never dream of separating. I do know that those who separate are generally glad to see one another again, and this does not always happen when two people have been together, night and day, for a whole fortnight.

I suggest that where there is a difference of opinion (as with the man who writes the letter) it would be a good idea to compromise—a week together, a week apart.

Alternatively, they might share the

Whether you spend your holiday at the seaside or not. Humanist says be sure to enjoy yourself during your short break with routine

How to be Happy on Holiday

holiday together this year and spend it separately next year.

It will generally be found that when the idea of separate holidays leads to a quarrel, either (a) one of the pair is jealous and secretly fears a flirtation during absence, or (b) one of them is a "helpless" sort who relies too completely on the help of the other.

A different kind of holiday problem revolves about the question of money. A woman reader writes as follows:

"I am happily married, have two lovely children and a very good husband. Since having my last little boy five months ago I have found it a great struggle to make ends meet.

"The real worry is this: My husband started to give me more money at Christmas, and, thinking I could put it away, I promised him we should have a holiday this year. We have not had one since we married six years ago.

"Well, I have found I cannot do it owing to such a lot of extra expense; but instead of telling my husband the truth, I have kept up the pretence that we can go away.

"This will disappoint him dreadfully when he finds out. Do you think I ought to tell him now or wait a bit longer? I have tried ever so many times, but to see his face when he knows will hurt me a lot.

"He has not seen his parents for six years as we belong to the North.

"I will abide by your decision."

The wife is bound to tell her husband sooner or later, and as she dreads doing so I advise her to "get it over" at once. It will be an unpleasant job, but should not be postponed.

I suggest that the wife might scrape enough money to send her husband alone. The fares are the chief trouble (since he wants to see his parents) and there are always cheap excursions. One can do a good deal in a week-end. The first two days of any holiday often seem quite a long time.

Later on in the year, perhaps, the wife could have a long week-end with her people. They will naturally want to see her and the two grandchildren!

I think with an effort it might be managed. Yes?

A THIRD letter comes from a woman reader who solves her holiday problems in a different way:

"My husband works at the colliery and we have nothing but what he brings home each week. That isn't much in summer. He has had three days off this week, for instance. It takes every penny to keep things going.

"We have never been in a position to save anything, but I can truthfully say that few people are happier than we are. The reason is that we make the best of things and don't hanker for what is out of reach.

"We have been married ten years and they have been ten years of happiness. In the seventeen years we have known each other we have never been able to have a holiday; but we enjoy ourselves just the same.

"In August my husband will have

a week or ten days' holiday without pay. We shall go picnicking most days, and we shall take the boy to paddle in the pool in the park. We shall enjoy ourselves just as much as, probably more than, a good many who will be at the seaside.

"We know we cannot afford more and are prepared to make the most of what we have. I believe we could all make the world a happier place to live in if we tried to be content with our lot.

"Perhaps some day we may be better off and able to afford those things we have to deny ourselves now. If so, it will be all the sweeter when it comes.

"If you don't answer I shall not mind, as you will have more important problems to worry about."

I REPLIED to the letter the same day because I admire the writer's philosophy and her sane attitude. Instead of moaning because she can't have cake, she makes the most of her bread and butter.

She will enjoy her holiday, picnicking in the fields and the park, because she has the right spirit.

We can make our own adventures as we can make our own happiness. It depends largely on ourselves. A man or woman with a chronically discontented mind would be bored by the seven wonders of the world.

And here is one more holiday letter:

"My husband is a countryman at heart, though he works in town, and every summer we have to spend our fortnight on his father's farm. I was born and bred in town and feel very badly 'out of it' in the country.

"I would not mind a farm holiday at all if it wasn't that they all seem to be laughing at me. They laugh at my 'town ways,' as they call them. They think it an awful joke because I am terrified of cows.

"I hate being sniggered at and should like a seaside holiday for a change, but we really cannot afford it, and my husband is so very happy on the farm. And, of course, the children just love it all."

NO one likes to be laughed at continually. But I imagine that the laughter is very good-humoured. There is no malice in it.

When country-folk come to town they feel "out of it" and townspeople smile at them when they fight shy of our escalators and get on the wrong 'bus.

But it is all good-natured amusement. There's no cause for feeling hurt about it.

A new environment is a welcome change and we should try to adapt ourselves to it. After all, the problem of

the town mouse and the country mouse is a very old one.

But it cannot be considered serious.

● "Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 ls. is paid for each letter quoted.

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STOMACH PAINS

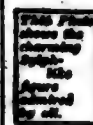
ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

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Everybody is Asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation without which there can be no true healing! The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

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- "I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."
- "My thrombosis has now gone and my legs are better, and there is less swelling."
- "After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
- "For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of Elasto."
- "My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health."
- "Elasto has quite cured my eczema."
- "The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone, and my general health is much improved."
- "Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
- "Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
- "The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."
- "Cured my rheumatism and neuritis." Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical Remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

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Elasto will save you pounds!

MRS. MANNING'S LODGERS

CERTAINLY the people on the top floor were a mystery. I had never set eyes on them, but the landlord's agents told me they were respectable. A bit eccentric, he explained. They played about with chemicals.

Top-Floor — that was all I could call them—were installed in the house I took over to run as a boarding establishment. It was a big place in the Earl's Court district of London, and very cheap, since the top floor was separate.

I started my boarding house on a legacy left me by an aunt, and advertising it as "comfortable, modern, moderate terms, and first-class cooking," gradually filled all my rooms.

Top-Floor turned out useful, for soon after I started a note reached me asking me to have breakfast left for two on the top-floor landing every morning. They paid weekly, leaving the money on the tray.

Every day their breakfast went upstairs and every Monday morning, without fail they paid the bill. That was some consolation for the way they left the landing. It was filthy. No one ever cleaned it, but I could not interfere.

LAZY KIDNEYS a cause of BACKACHE

BACKACHE, urinary disorders and rheumatic pains frequently occur when strain, worry or a cold, chill or fever has overtaxed the kidneys. These vital filtering organs are apt to clog up or weaken under the burden and the whole system suffers. Tissue wastes and acids from your food remain in the blood instead of being filtered away by the action of healthy kidneys.

Don't drag about in pain, feeling worn out and miserable! Let Doan's brand Backache Kidney Pills make you well again. They strengthen, stimulate and flush out the kidneys, so that the millions of tiny tubes of which these organs are composed can do their work properly. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doan's Pills for recovery from sharp or nagging pains in the small of the back, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, lumbago, painful muscles and joints, swollen ankles and limbs.

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Reader's Story

Mrs. Nora Manning, of 42, Lynwood Road, London, S.W.17, sends us this true story of the most exciting incident in her life.

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Use one side of the paper only, and do not write more than 1,200 words, please. Stamped envelopes should accompany manuscripts.

Their hours were irregular. My bedroom was immediately beneath theirs, and at all hours of the night I heard heavy footsteps. A queer business it seemed to me.

One day when I called at the bank to pay in my weekly takings, the cashier, after checking up the money, shot a quick glance at me.

"I think the manager would like to have a word with you, Madam," he said. I was ushered into the manager's room. He was there with a strange man whom he introduced vaguely.

"Mrs. Manning," said the stranger, "I am a detective and would like you to help me in tracing one or two notes you have paid into your account."

He passed me over a couple of treasury notes, but I could not identify them. I shook my head.

"There is a big organisation not only issuing forged treasury notes, but Bank of England notes as well," he said.

"We are trying to track them down." Naturally I thought of the strange men on the top floor. The detective pricked up his ears when I told him.

"I'll have them watched," he said. "Meantime, if you take any notes, will you kindly record the numbers?"

He begged me to keep the matter secret, and say nothing to anybody.

But among my lodgers was a retired clergyman, a Mr. Jackson. He was a likeable old man, a widower, with whom I got on very well. And I'm afraid I told him the news as soon as I got home. He did not seem surprised.

"If only we could do away with the temptation of money," was all he said.

ALL the next week my nerves were on edge. I expected something to happen, but the only change from routine was that Top-Floor paid me in silver. This looked suspicious. Had they guessed the police were on their trail?

Again I saw the bank manager and the detective, who selected two of my pound notes and asked me to examine them.

"Where did you get these from?" he demanded.

I was dumbfounded. Top-Floor had paid in silver. I had taken no notice of the others. And besides they were not new notes.

"They are genuine enough, and you won't lose," the detective assured me. "But there is somebody in your house paying in notes which he has obtained by exchange for forged bank notes."

But who? My guests were beyond reproach. Indian students, a girl art student, some business men—the usual type—and Mr. Jackson. I could say nothing.

A week or two earlier a young man had come in, very pleasant and affable, who seemed to be well off. He was friendly with Mr. Jackson and had been with him to the British Museum. Could he be the crook?

"Well," said the detective smiling, "We'll lay him by the heels before long!"

What's the name of this new young man?"

"Mr. Darling," I said, and added that

he had more money to spend than any of the other lodgers.

A few days later a maid reported that for the last two mornings Top-Floor had not taken in their breakfast-tray. Nor had they answered when she knocked.

I decided to see what they were up to. I knocked on the door two or three times, and then gently turned the handle. To my surprise the door opened.

As I had guessed! Before me stood a printing press, and piles of thin paper which looked like the sort used for bank notes. I gaped at the apparatus. Here lay the solution to the mystery of the forged notes without a doubt.

Through the connecting door a man approached me. He was tall and haggard. For days he had not shaved.

"What do you want here?" he demanded in a foreign accent.

I EXPLAINED that as he had not taken in breakfast I had come to see if anything was amiss.

"Ye-es?" he said suspiciously. "Vell, my friend is ver' ill. Now please go away."

"Very well," I retorted, "I'll go away and I'll report what I have seen to the police."

"Please, please!" He was anxious. "My friend, I tell you, is ill." Almost with a sob he added, "He is an old man and he is dead."

I did not believe him. I pointed to the printing press.

"You have been printing—well, you know what!" I cried. "And I may tell you the police are after you now!"

"The police!" he exclaimed. "The police. Zey vill deport me, mein Gott!" For a moment he hesitated, then unexpectedly took me by the shoulders and pushed me into the other room. Before I knew what was happening the lock was turned and I was a prisoner. Heavens! What was that?

ON a trestle bed lay a motionless figure tied up in a shroud. My heart stood still. Was what he had said true after all?

I soon realised my plight. I was locked in with this corpse, and the forger had escaped! It might be hours before I was released! If I had not screamed I believe I should have gone mad.

Then the door burst open. Before me stood Mr. Darling, smiling, debonair. He begged me to regain my calmness.

"Look!" I said, pointed to the recumbent figure. He went across and pulled open the shroud.

"As I thought," he said. "Communist literature in German. These men are in danger of their lives for printing this and smuggling it into Germany."

"I thought it was a corpse," I said



He took me by the shoulders and pushed me into the room.

feebly, "and that they were printing forged notes. Are you in it, Mr. Darling?"

"I?" he laughed. "I am a C.I.D. man, Mrs. Manning. You may like to know that we have arrested the man passing the money."

"You have? You mean the man who locked me in here?"

"Oh, no. It is your friend the Rev. Mr. Jackson," he said smiling. "We had him under suspicion all the time."

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50—and set for a Century! After a few days on Fynnon, you begin to feel a different person—active, self reliant, filled with a new joy of living. For Fynnon Salt contains Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, magic elements of the renowned Spa Waters. These "Salts of the Earth" revive tired liver and kidneys, to give your inner system almost a fresh start in life.

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Ten years ago such sufferers would have been told that they were "imagining things," that they must "brace themselves up" and "make an effort." To-day medical science knows them as symptoms of a definite Gland disruption, that by Glandular Therapy, without injection, can to-day be re-established as Nature herself would do in normal health.

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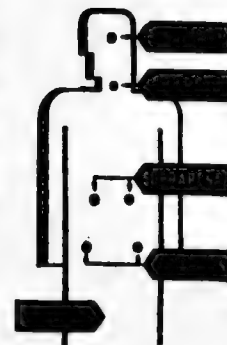
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Physical and Mental Debility	Premature Ageing
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THE VITAL CENTRES OF YOUTH AND VITALITY.

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No. 275. Married Woman, age 43, suffering from long standing Nervous Debility. Reports: "General improvement in health. Feeling stronger ... ability to walk ... improving. Flashes ... less in number and of shorter duration ..."

No. 328. Man, single, age 31, suffering from General weakness indicated by lack of resistance to colds, mental exhaustion, etc. Reports: "I have felt better since taking the Treatment ... able to get through day without feeling of strain ... headaches less frequent ... have felt as though I wanted to get things done and had the energy to do it ... the Treatment has done me good."

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—THEN BLESSED RELIEF

A Case from Dr. Cassell's Records

NEURASTHENIA claims its victims by the thousand every year. Weak nerves suddenly give way and sufferers find themselves in the grip of this bane of modern life with no idea of what to do. They are driven to desperation. What happened to Miss D. is so typical of neurasthenia. She knew that her nerves were not strong. But when they went to bits she was helpless and had no idea what to do.

"For a long time I had known that my nerves were none too strong and suddenly they got worse. I had the most awful headaches and simply could not eat my food. As I went about my work my head was thumping and swimming with dizziness. I was on the verge of collapse but simply had to carry on. In sheer desperation I tried anything and everything that was recommended. I obtained a supply of Dr. Cassell's Tablets among other things and, call it imagination if you like, I began to get a grip on myself.

WHAT A CONTRAST

The left picture shows a greatly magnified section of nerve fibre, but under-nourished and degenerated. The right picture shows this nerve fed back to health—regenerated.

never have been able to carry on with my job."

No sufferer from neurasthenia, no victim of weak nerves should hesitate for one moment but begin a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets at once. Dr. Cassell's case records show that Miss D. is only one instance of nerve sufferers trying everything and anything in sheer desperation instead of immediately taking the one treatment which has brought blessed relief to thousands.

If you suffer from neurasthenia, are never free from headaches, a martyr to nervous dyspepsia, so constantly in pain and so completely at the mercy of your disordered nerves that your head swims and you feel that you must give up, do not hesitate. Start a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets today. Your head will clear, soon you will be free from pain, your appetite will improve and you will no longer suffer from indigestion. You will face every day with a smile, brim full of energy and completely master of your nerves.

Prices: 1/3, 3/- & 5/-. Trial Size 6d.

Take
Good AdviceTake
Dr. Cassell's
TABLETS**CAMERAS**

All makes—on credit or cash. Most generous exchange allowances. The best book on photography ever published, "Photography and Cinematography," 1/- post free. Illustrated catalogue post free. Write Dept. "D."

CITY SALE 90, ROYAL

Our Neighbours Have a Party

THIS Friday, July 14, an event of great importance to Britain will be celebrated—throughout France.

It is the 150th anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille; the day when each French town and village remembers, with all the military and civil pomp available, the beginning of the French Revolution.

Annually on this day, citizens of the Republic remind one another of their political origins, and roll on their tongues the sonorous slogan of the Revolution—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

But this year France celebrates something more than the normal July 14, which begins with resounding patriotic eloquence by the Mayor in the market place, and ends in open-air dances, roundabouts, feasting and fun.

For the 150th anniversary comes at a time of national danger and national reawakening; a time when the French people are anxiously bracing themselves for whatever perils the present stormy skies of Europe may threaten.

They take the opportunity to renew their own strength and independence by recalling the spirit and deeds of the great men who founded the First French Republic.

Such a national demonstration of emotion could never take place in Britain. We are almost shame-faced in our patriotism. We are not articulate or precise about it.

Even that pattern of patriotic speech-makers Earl Baldwin stirs our hearts by the very awkwardness of his utterings.

It is what he leaves unsaid, what he can only hint at, which brings him the greatest applause and touches us most deeply.

In fact, the whole of the French celebrations will seem odd and even theatrical to British visitors who happen to join in them.

Nevertheless, they will be vitally important for every man, woman and child in these islands.

To British eyes, France, since 1918, has often seemed grasping, shrill and vindictive in her national outlook.

Suspicion and Fears Unfounded

Her people have sometimes appeared to lack social discipline. Some sections have worked, we thought, to put their private interest before the safety and well-being of the nation.

We have been amazed by the bitter intensity of political quarrels, and by riotous turbulence in the streets of the great towns.

In many circles here, the belief has grown up that France was in decline, that corruption and graft had eaten into the very vitals of the nation.

Such fears and suspicions were unfounded. To-day France has consolidated her material and spiritual forces once more.

Suddenly, one of those spontaneous outbursts of national enthusiasm peculiar to French history has taken place. Within a few months the doubts and dark hesitations of recent years have evaporated.

That is a most significant fact in the Europe of 1939.

France stands again absolutely for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; against dictatorships; against aggression; against that enslavement of the ordinary citizens which Fascism has brought to every state it governs.

Here, in Britain, it is hard to understand what such resolution to oppose any further aggression, by arms if necessary, means to a French family.

A Frenchman of 80 can remember two invasions of France. He can remember Paris patrolled by alien troops, he can remember whole French provinces at one time taken and added to the terri-

The French sailor on one of the new French warships typifies the new resolution of his country



tory of a foreign Power, at another laid waste and destroyed by a ruthless enemy.

This year, next year—at any time, a third invasion may be launched if Britain and France are forced into war in an attempt to halt the aggressors.

The shadow of war lies dark across every French home when the family turns to discuss the future.

It is nearer, more real and more terrible than it can be in a British home, built in a happy land which has not known invasion for nearly a thousand years.

The danger is so pressing to the French people that they feel it can only be met by great resolution and heroic measures. They have steelled their hearts.

They believe, from personal experience and family tradition, that, if they must fight, war is better than slavery.

This iron resolution, which now unites the French people, is as important a force for peace as the spectacular and growing strength of British armaments.

At the time of the Munich crisis it scarcely existed. To-day it impresses everyone who spends even a few days in France.

Moreover, no less than Britain, France is pushing on the last stages of her technical preparations.

At Peace for 100 Years

The output of warplanes increases each month. The reserves of ammunition and artillery grow constantly more formidable. The number of batteries re-equipped with new pieces advances each week.

Remember, too, the fighting spirit of the French army. Historically, no army can compare with its record.

Naturally, we like to remember the victories of British arms. We remem-

ber the battlefields on which we defeated the French.

It would do us good not to forget the days on which the French beat us just as soundly.

Now the two nations have been at peace for more than a century. They have come to realise that their interests and qualities are complementary and not mutually exclusive.

For many years they have been joined in close alliance based on mutual faith in democracy, and a joint conception of what common life means.

Standing Side by Side

France remains the pattern nation of the world. She stands four-square and compact for civilisation, for reason, for government by public debate and representation.

Modern democracy may have originated in Britain, where the English Revolution and the English Republic of Cromwell were the greatest portent of the seventeenth century.

Rather more than a century later, however, the makers of the First French Revolution advanced and reinterpreted the ideals of the English republicans.

And by their work they made another British revolution unnecessary.

In fact, you might say that the most important event in nineteenth-century Britain was the revolution which never happened.

British democracy, nurtured on the thought and example of the French Revolution, grew without violence, and is growing still.

Remember that. Remember, too, that we do not stand alone in the present critical hour.

We stand side by side with a nation as resolute, as well prepared and as hardy as any ally we could desire, an ally which can never desert us, because its fate and faith are bound up with our own.

HOW TO END PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be really cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually dies down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay. FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.18, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless a pint of bile flows from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unwholesomely in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 2/6 and 5/-.

WEBLEY AIR PISTOLS

Marvellously accurate for target practice. No license required to purchase. Scales 45/-, Mark 1 32/6. Junior 21/-, Webley Air Rifle 95/- Write for List. WEBLEY & SCOTT LTD., 222 WEAMAN STREET, BIRMINGHAM, ENG.

Stop Hair Falling

Grow It Like This

Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in clumps until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking. M. J. MURPHY.

Read this letter. See how you can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever. "About six months ago my hair began to come out, and the falling continued until at least half of it had completely disappeared and the remaining half being in bald patches all over my head. "I used Kotalko and Kotalko Soap... My head is covered with beautiful, strong hair, of which I am very proud, and this after being almost bald."—A. ROGERS.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER
KOTALKO quickly stops hair falling—regrows it thickly and strongly. Gets rid of dandruff, and restores slow growth. Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair. For men or falling hair, dry scalp and hair and BALDNESS.
To JOHN HART BROTHERS, LTD., 10, FINE STREET (S.S.1), LONDON, W.1. Please send me, free of charge, a full trial of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.
Name.....
Address.....
Post Free Bottle with Kotalko Soap & Instructions for use. Kotalko Soap 3d. in stamps.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

GASTRITIS, ACIDITY AND PAIN AFTER EATING DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis, or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fulness after meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth's Acid Tablets (No. 1,977). Popularly known as "White Lions." Why restrict yourself to a narrow diet? Eat in moderation and enjoy your favourite dishes without unpleasant after-effects. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement, clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished, long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send at once for "White Lions." They give prompt relief. Price 6d. (24), 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with directions.



Make your mealtime happier. A trial will prove that "White Lions" are THE WORLD'S GREATEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

Mr. Shadforth's book (No. J.B. 314) on Treating of Digestive Troubles will be sent post free. **POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.**

WARM WEATHER HEART WEAKNESS

Don't Risk a Collapse



DOES your heart palpitate? Are you tired from morning to night? Sleepless yet needing sleep? Without appetite, yet needing the strength which foods can bring? You must not go on like this! Take "Blue Lion Fox Nuts," the modern tonic which pulls you together in a few hours. Frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall; life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, flutterings, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days.

Send at once for "Blue Lion Fox Nuts." Shadforth's Prescription No. 632. Prices: 1/- (25), 1/6 (50), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144).

The Shadforth Booklet on Heart Troubles (No. J.B. 320), post free.

THE WORLD'S BEST HEALTH, HEART AND NERVE TONIC

Send for these prescriptions privately packed and post free at these prices (abroad extra) from

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DISPENSING CHEMISTS, PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

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From Chemists, 1/3, 2/-, 5/-.

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If you're looking for good FURNITURE BARGAINS,

Turn to page 23.

HOME lovers should make a point of getting copies of the Free Catalogue of Furnishing and other Bargains offered in Jay's Sale on p. 23. Details of Jay's 3-way protection are given in a booklet entitled "Tranquillity." A new natural colour photography catalogue is also well worth having; also a Piano Catalogue. Simply fill in and post the coupon or write, mentioning "John Bull," to the head office.



**TALKED
HIMSELF
TO DEATH!**

From Florida, U.S.A., comes the incredible story of a former archer with an arrow which caused him to talk for 418 hours without stopping—and which eventually led to his death. Details of other similar curious and little known facts about unusual diseases are revealed in a fascinating article in the July "Armchair Science" now on sale everywhere. From all over the world "Armchair Science" presents the latest discoveries of scientists, engineers and explorers, explained in simple, non-technical language. The 100-page July issue contains 50 articles and features, 48 photographs, diagrams and drawings. Get your copy to-day!

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Wealth from Old Wives' Tales

CARRYING on her old calling of herbalist in her native village, Mother Wilkins little dreamed that her traditional cult would have a capital value of £250,000 a year to-day.

Her only stock-in-trade was knowledge handed down over a thousand years. She knew the secrets of the shrubbery, the curative power in flowers and plants.

But as she did her gardening in white bonnet and homespun shawl she did not know that her craft had tremendous commercial possibilities.

She gathered the stinging-nettles to make broth that would cure the neighbours' colds and fevers.

And she told her callers they needed groundsel to stop cholera. Even the village girls took her advice. For had she not shown them how to use harebells and avoid superfluous hair?

Such odd bits of knowledge and hundreds more stored in her memory have become the basis of a vast industry.

For her successors—the present-day herbalists—are widely recognised. They are called on by doctors, backed by a trade organisation.

In London alone there are four firms of herbalists doing £100,000 business a year. And they spend £25,000 a year telling the public of their products.

In addition there are many private persons and small companies—and, of course, one or two quacks, who don't count—carrying on the tradition of providing cures from natural sources.

Up and down the country nurserymen cultivate acres of special plants and bulbs for their requirements, for the modern herbalist is a business man without frills, though he does owe his knowledge to the many Mother Wilkins of the past.

Neighbours used to laugh at these wise old women when they advised fresh young dandelion leaves as a cure for bad temper.

But he knows "Mother Wilkins was right," for iron is found in the common dandelion in large quantities, and iron is the very tonic most doctors nowadays prescribe for nerves.

A GOOD many of the "cures" recommended by the old village herbalists sounded peculiar and every now and then some old lady was ducked in the pond—or worse—for her trouble.

An aristocratic "wise woman" named Lady Heathcote propounded a remedy for "all agues" from wine and walnuts way back in 1100.

After Flodden Field and Bannockburn the old wives boiled the roots of grasses for dressings and to stay the flow of blood.

In other forms, and of more pleasing appearance, these old-fashioned remedies are with us to-day, though probably very few housewives would care for the trouble, even if they knew the secrets, of concocting them.

Centuries ago, wise men like Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, devoted years of their lives to collecting these secrets.

The monks gathered a good deal of useful information, and the first book on herbs to be published in England appeared in 1462.

By 1560 Jean Bauhin had classified 4,000 different native flowers and shrubs, and in the reign of Henry VIII, William Turner began his work.

A good many chemicals considered indispensable to-day are the result of their efforts, some of the discoveries being made at the cost of health and even life itself.

It wasn't known, for example, that yew, poisonous to cattle, is also a drug of immense value to surgeons. Not until the first herbalist got busy.

When yew was needed in large quantities for longbows, it was ordered it should be cultivated in churchyards, the only safe place.

That was to protect the cattle, though Sarah Carpenter, of Somerset, did not get anything like the same consideration.

She cultivated garlic, called a "noxious weed," and was burned at the stake for her pains, her secret undiscovered.

Soon afterwards Raleigh came home



"The Botanical Gardens at Kew are the Mecca of herbalists from all parts of the world"

from America with samples of a weed which doctors found to be a relief from all sorrows and troubles.

Thus were known the delights of tobacco long before adventuring herbalists discovered iodine, quinine, phosphorus or chloroform.

Step by step through the generation, their efforts unorganised, dependent entirely on themselves, and without hope for reward, men and women went in quest of natural remedies for natural disorders and complaints.

Henry VIII himself scoured the country for a cure he could get at any chemist's shop to-day for a few shillings, or by post for less.

BUT in the early days such secrets were guarded jealously, often for fear of being executed for witchcraft.

Not until printing became general was the old herbalist's knowledge made easily available.

Then followed the research chemist and the analyst, the discoverers of ether and the concoctors of sleeping draughts.

And so it came about that to-day we are able to get bath salts, perfumes, antidotes and remedies, appetisers and slimming powders at such little cost.

Now there are 2,000 professional practising herbalists in Britain; there is a Botany School at Cambridge University and a department in charge of a Keeper at the British Museum.

The Botanical Gardens at Kew are the Mecca of herbalists from all parts of the world, men who have placed within reach of the poorest the richest products drawn from Nature's resources.

Ironical it may be that in the course of their labours through the ages the herbalists have helped to discover less beneficial commodities such as nitroglycerine and gunpowder.

But, then, the most deadly poison is

also a useful drug, and the one is inevitable with the other.

Glance around the local chemist's shop with its array of pots and jars and plasters, life-giving fluids and potent mixtures, and see hovering in the background the ghost of Mother Wilkins with her age-old brew.



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Race with "Silver Ring" The Pro.'s Have It!

RACE-RIDING on the flat is like billiards and boxing, inasmuch as you cannot compare the amateurs with the professional exponents of the art.

Over the "sticks" it is another matter—there are plenty of Corinthian jockeys who ride every bit as well, and some of them better, than the average N.H. professional. But, on the flat, to make a comparison is truly odious.

It isn't just a matter of bodily weight that prevents the gents from shining in comparison with their professional brethren. In the main, they are altogether lacking in style and finesse.

Perhaps we should have a better standard if there were more events for amateurs, but executives are chary about staging such races. They know that they are not popular with regular racegoers, particularly the betting fraternity.

In the old days, there were a number of amateurs who rode in open races under Jockey Club rules on level terms with professionals. Sir George Thursby was twice

second in the Derby—on John O'Gaunt in 1904 and on Picton in 1906. It is, however, a long time since the Stewards granted an amateur such a permit.

I am afraid we are reaching the stage when the ownership of racehorses does not necessarily indicate a particular love of the noblest of all animals, much less an inclination or ability to ride.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 13, to Wednesday, July 19.

P O 98 T F U X Z Q O 93 B 94 M S R

W A N 96 G Y 97 L H J I 98 E D K V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

L9398FOVA would read ZINGARO. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KOD2U would read SAMMY.

ECZEMA

End Pain And Disfigurement

This Quick, Easy Way

Remove, instant, any form of skin trouble, be quickly cured by D.D.D. Prescription. This method, involving no painful treatment, drops down below the skin and removes the cause of your trouble. Instant relief and recovery are guaranteed and is a little white cream which is perfectly clean, smooth and healthy. The D.D.D. Prescription for eczema, dandruff, psoriasis, skin itching, spots, pimples, and all other skin troubles. Put by Chemists everywhere, price 1/6 a bottle.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

A trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent free on application to D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. H.M.S., Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Keep your feet fit!

"Hobson's Choice" Plasters and Powders effectively and speedily banish foot-aches and pains without recourse to knives and acids. Ask for the new 6d. Combination Pack, containing Foot Plaster, sprinker box of thimble powder, and strapping plaster.

Hobson's Choice

FOOT PLASTERS

From all Chemists, Shops and Stores, Boots, Tinsmiths, Whites and Tinsmiths, etc.

Manufactured by HOBSON, TRIMBLE & Co. Ltd., Leeds, 2.

THE "HIGH SPOT" of the Film Year!

SEX-APPEAL SPECIALISTS

Remember the lithe white charm of the Gish girls and Mary Pickford? Even in those days the screen had discovered that SEX APPEAL was its best asset. The "naughty" Lubitsch romances, say Lilian Harvey—you'll enjoy comparing the lively romances of sex-appealing films with their modern counterparts. These amazing pictures start on page 23.



SCREEN TEST

How would you feel in the director's office? What would you say when he gave you a contract? How would you react to a battery of lights, an swooping camera and a fervent Adonis whispering, "This is a funny goodbye!" It could happen to you if you went to Hollywood determined to "go crash into film." The full-length story by Charles Sumner captures Hollywood at its cruellest, its kindest—in contrast to the comedies on page 10—every word will thrill you.



MIDSUMMER MOVIE STARS!

Which stars will hit the high spots this Summer Season? Frodo Bruce Lockhart tips Nancy Kelly, Priscilla Lane and... who? This favorite "Film Weekly" contributor gives you some hot favorites from Hollywood. You want to meet them? You can on pages 4, 7, 8 and 9 of the "Extra."



WHOLE-PAGE PLATES

How are the stars looking? You can't pop over to Hollywood, but you can enjoy the intimate whole-page plates in the "Extra." "My, how she's growing!" you'll say when you see the latest portrait of Shirley Temple (page 14). "What an ideal couple!" is the obvious remark on seeing the informal honeymoon picture of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard (page 42). Robert Taylor's new "close-up" (page 13) will find pride of place in many a home, while Norma Shearer (page 32), Ann Sheridan (page 23)... but there are heaps more you're just longing to see.



INTERVIEW THE STARS

WITH J. K. N. A chase across Piccadilly Circus... "at the double" up Shaftesbury Avenue... a jump into a taxi... a hopeless traffic jam... and all the time he was interviewing Madeline Carroll. That's just one of the amazing incidents related by John K. Newthorn, famous film correspondent. He takes you on an actual interview with Anne Lee... 10 glorious pictures of Anne and her lovely baby Joanne. You'll love this intimate interview which begins on page 16.

MOORING TAKES A HAND

"Easy to criticize, but try making films yourself," said W. S. Van Dyke. Don't miss the exclusive pictures of W. H. Mooring (pages 36, 37) operating camera, microphone, lights and discussing script with James Stewart and Claudette Colbert.

Filmgoers!

Hit the high spots this Summer with the glorious 80-page FILM WEEKLY SUMMER EXTRA. This superb annual is bubbling over with the kind of articles, pictures, interviews, fiction and features which every film-lover will enjoy. Get your copy of this thrilling "Extra" NOW! — the year's greatest film treat.



★ Look out for the brilliant cover—gravers' cover of lovely Virginia Bruce seen on all the bookstalls.

NO MYSTERY about ASPRO SUCCESS It's just built on the simple law of service

If you set out to serve people, help humanity and consistently follow this policy through thick and thin—success is bound to be yours. Service brings its own reward. 'ASPRO' is definite proof of this. It is the most wonderful help for suffering humanity—it alleviates headaches and neuralgia—it brings sleep to the sleepless—it banishes colds and "Summer 'Flu'" attacks in a night and relieves rheumatism—it soothes the irritable and stops hot weather suffering. So 'ASPRO' is a boon to all. In a very few years the news of its wonderful power over pain has spread to every corner of the earth. 'ASPRO' SUCCEEDS by its own success: the more people are benefited, the more others hear of the good works being done, and avail themselves of 'ASPRO' healing and soothing service. Have YOU tried 'ASPRO' tablets yet?



'ASPRO' NOW BUSY Banishing Summer 'Flu, Seaside Rheumatic Twinge, Holiday Headaches, etc.

SPEEDY RELIEF FROM HEADACHE & SUNGLARE

Mrs. Wright, of Johannesburg, states: "The reason I sent for your 'ASPRO' Tablets was that I had been suffering from a neuralgic headache for about two weeks and had tried almost every remedy, including headache powders, lemon, vinegar, etc., when I saw your advertisement. Upon receipt of your tablets I took two with a cup of hot tea, and I must say that relief was almost immediate. Later I went out into the sun, whereupon my headache recommenced. I again took two of the tablets and was freed from pain."

THANKS FROM NEURALGIA SUFFERER

Driedstein, P.O. Stockholm, via Kragerø, Norway.
Dear Sirs,
I have suffered from neuralgia and headaches for a considerable time and can testify that by using 'ASPRO' I have become a new person. Once again I wish to thank you for it, and will recommend it to all my friends.
Yours truly, F. E. van ZYL.

TRIBUTE FROM COURT OF LAW FOR HEADACHES

Dear Sirs,
I feel most grateful for the wonderful relief 'ASPRO' brought about in my case. For over 12 months I had suffered with terrible headaches. So-called remedies were useless. Last November in the courts I heard a witness testify in public to the value of 'ASPRO'. I decided to give 'ASPRO' trial myself. After taking a course of 'ASPRO' tablets I have now completely banished headaches. I think they are wonderful and no home should be without them.—I remain, Yours sincerely, R. C.

NEVER AWAY FROM WORK NOW

125 Whippendell Road, Watford, Herts.
Sirs,
I should like to express my grateful thanks for your 'ASPRO' tablets and the benefits I have derived from them. I used to suffer very bad every year from rheumatism and had so much time away from work that I was afraid of being discharged owing to so many illnesses. Now, thanks to your tablets which I would not be without, am thankful to say that as soon as I feel the slightest twinge and take some of your tablets the pain goes. I am never without them in the house now and never hesitate to recommend them to all my friends and anyone else who has any complaints.
Wishing you the best of success for 'ASPRO'.
I am, Sirs, Yours gratefully,
J. H. CRAMPTON.

GREAT BENEFIT DERIVED

R. E. writes from Drayton Gardens, Kensington, London, S.W.10: "I have derived great benefit from taking 'ASPRO' now and then when I don't feel up to the mark."

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacturing or the formula.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA	COLDS
HEADACHES	LUMBAGO
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY
NEURALGIA	NEURITIS
SCIATICA	MAY FEVER
GOUT	NERVE SHOCK
RHEUMATISM	PAINS SPECIALLY
ALCOHOLIC	TO WOMEN
AFTER-EFFECTS	MALARIA
TOOTHACHE	ASTHMA

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES

ASPRO STOCK AND
DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

PRICES 3^d 6^d 1¹/₃ 2^d

Now on Sale 6^d



MONTHLY FOR LIFE

£400 CASH IF SINGLE PRIZE PREFERRED

INCREASED PENSION

FOR 'JOHN BULL' X-WORD

and FREE HOLIDAY

AT SEASIDE FOR TWO



Go where you like - John Bull pays!

£100 HOLIDAY CASH

BETWEEN 10 RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS FOR 200 RUNNERS-UP

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s Co. Write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted in duplicate (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, July 21, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, July 22.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any whole letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in

more than one letter square. Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 3. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 8, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing 21 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £400 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 27.

£250 AND £10 HOLIDAY PENSION FREE!

Each sender of Crossword entry value 1s. or over is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Big Cash and Holiday Pension Prize Offer. Coupons on page 29. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

ACROSS CLUES

1. You wouldn't expect one to be very easily carried away
2. In some parts of country one may often see charabancs pulled up outside one
4. Keen gardener will probably hate to see this on his lawn
5. Insect that makes honey
7. Most people would find great difficulty in getting on with
11. May become a habit
14. Bad one is likely to leave some permanent mark on child
16. Occasionally fitted to machinery
20. Large monetary
21. Sail often runs straight along the ground when you do this
22. Anglers are occasionally glad to get one at riverside pub

DOWN CLUES

1. Size of this must make a big difference to production
2. Flow back
6. Sometimes comes to the rescue of game-ball comedian
8. One in neck may cause pain or discomfort
9. A serious mistake very often ruins one
10. Striking displays of goods in windows might in some cases make one
12. Camper may make much use of his, on holiday walking tour
13. Brave soldier has this
16. Few old people like to take from youngsters
17. Wild mountain goat
17. One is just occasionally heard on the radio
18. Customer may be able to get, in big departmental store

Turn to page 38 for the NEW HELP for 'CROSSWORDERS'

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 162. Closing Postmark Friday, July 21, 1939



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



2 SQUARES
6d.
4 SQUARES
1s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed P.O. value

Address No.

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 162, "JOHN BULL," 27, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

5 Big Cheques Won In Crossword No. 159

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 159, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following five competitors:-

J. H. BLACK, 7, East Adam Street, Edinburgh.
Miss M. BURTON, 74, Spring Gardens, Histon Street, Broom.
Miss G. DUCKERT, "Barnes," 27, Top Street, Greenock, Gt. G.
M. S. ROBINSON, 19, Spring Gardens, Leek, Staffs.
R. WALLACE, 26, Woodland Avenue, Spalden, Durb.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £400, and a cheque for £200 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, July 18, enclosing 21 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Entries to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

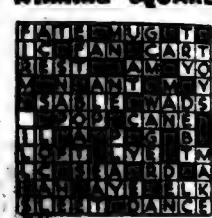
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 119 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 10s. 10d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" office, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 1045 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING WORDS

ACROSS—1. FATE. 2. HUB. 4. PAN. 5. CANT. 6. ANE. 20. SABLE. 21. LOPE.
12. LYE. 13. SEA. 22. SLEET. 23. DANCE.
DOWN—1. FINE. 2. TRY. 3. TOY. 7. SHAP. 8. ALP. 9. MAR. 11. WAGER.
12. DEST. 13. HILL or HILL. 14. FLAY. 17. MAKER. 18. HAZ.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point HILL and HILL were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINES

FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.

Affix 1d. Stamp Here	Affix 1d. Stamp Here
---	---

I have affixed 2d. in stamps for postage on the BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin."

I want (a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out time which is not applicable.)

Name

Address

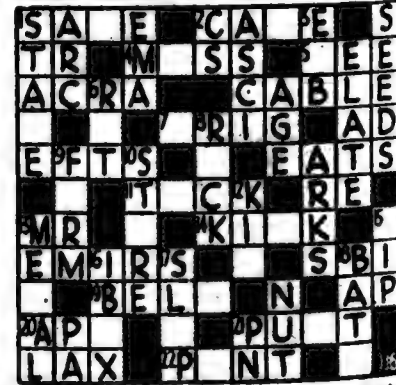
N.B.—Enclose with entry or post direct to "Crossword Gazette" Dept. 29, Bedford St., W.C.2.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 162. Closing Postmark Friday, July 21, 1939



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



6 SQUARES
1s. 6d.
8 SQUARES
2s.

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed P.O. value

Address No.

LAST HUGE HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

The Last Laugh

● Somebody wrote once that "For one that big misfortunes slay, Ten die of little worries." An overstatement, maybe, and perhaps not.

But why worry, anyhow? Whatever your trouble, you can ease your mind by telling us about it. What is more, we can advise you on any matter you may care to submit to us.

We have a number of experts in their particular subjects and you have our assurance that no enquiry is too big nor too small to receive attention at our hands.

No charge is made for advice. Write to "John Bull's" Free Advice Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and send a stamped addressed envelope with your enquiry.

The replies given below to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

R. T. (Wick).—"I went out to pick wild flowers and found some beauties." Also picking wild flowers?

PROVOCUS (Clifton).—"Many tragedians are convinced they can play comic parts." This belief is shared by many comedians.

LOOZER (Bradford).—"My landlady says I eat more than is good for a person." That person being herself, eh?

L. F. (Roses-on-Wye).—"I caught a 30 lb. salmon the other day. What do you say to that?" It's a whopper!

G. W. M. (Kendal).—"Do you keep five-pound notes in a wallet or loose in your pocket?" We are afraid not.

BART (Walthamstow).—"Though only a house-decorator, I like to choose my companions." You like them up?

A. B. (Welwyn).—"I wouldn't agree to a husband and wife on a jury." They wouldn't agree, either.

G. V. (Northampton).—"After he had been heckled continuously, the speaker said he had stood enough." So he sat down?

Mrs. S. (Cardiff).—"I cannot think what to call my new baby." Doesn't your husband suggest a few names during the night?

E. S. (Ripon).—"I have promised to buy my son a horse next year, but he is very impatient. What can I give him to get on with?" Stirrups.

L. B. (Clacton).—"Through a fault of vision he sees most things upside-down." Then the world at present should seem quite normal to him.

OFFICE BOY (Woolwich).—"The man asked to see someone with a little authority." And you said you had as little as anybody?

L. W. (POOLE).—"WHEN I ASKED A FRIEND FOR A £50 LOAN HE SAID I HADN'T THE RIGHT SORT OF SECURITY." WHAT DID HE WANT—PADLOCK, CHAIN AND A PAIR OF HAND-CUFFS?

W. A. (Repton).—"The old-fashioned girl used to stay at home when she'd nothing to wear." That doesn't happen with the modern girl!

Mrs. M. (London, W.).—"A shop in my locality has just received a consignment of 1,000 ladies' hats from Paris." When are you trying them on?

MOLLY (Redcar).—"At the end of his letter to me he put two crosses. What do they mean?" Aren't you simple! They mean that he's double-crossing you!

PROBY (Edgbaston).—"How do you think I managed to get a testimonial saying that I was a perfect lady's maid?" By working for a perfect lady, we suppose.

J. K. (Ely).—"Married life certainly has its problems." Especially when the wife complains about not having enough wardrobe space and nothing to wear at the same time!

Miss G. (Welshpool).—"His proposal was so sudden, it made me jump." At it?

T. J. (Shrewsbury).—"A man who has been married five times has just gone insane." Just gone?

LOVESICK (HULL).—"I'M CRAZY ABOUT A CERTAIN GIRL. HOW CAN I GET HER TO SAY 'YES'?" ASK HER IF SHE KNOWS YOU ARE CRAZY.

R. P. (Walton).—"In my new play, nearly all the characters are murdered." And do their names appear on the programme in the order of their disappearance?

CLERK (Penarth).—"I have made up my mind to conquer my fault of absent-mindedness. What do you think I discovered when I arrived at the office the other day?" That it was your day off?

F. N. T. (Liverpool).—"A bowler who makes a point of trying to get a batsman out l.b.w. is not popular with the spectators." But he appeals to the umpire.

A. K. G. (Chelmsford).—"Dining out yesterday at one of these multiple shops, I found a leaf in my stew." What do you expect, when they have branches everywhere?

R. B. (Taunton).—"I have just married a girl I met on the thirteenth day of the month at a house that was No. 13." That's what comes of deliberately defying superstition.

C. S. A. (Margate).—"It took me 50 weeks' economy to save for this year's holiday." If you want to axe that axe, turn to page 39 and win a life-long stream of Holiday Cheques, one each summer as long as you live.

N. D. (Ipswich).—"At our seaside boarding-house we were horrified to see a mouse run across the floor." You were lucky. At ours there was not enough to keep one alive.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN:—"A woman, described as a piece of the King of Sweden, received injuries to the head and face in a car crash..."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"... they were consulting together with the object of achieving that purpose as speedily as possible."

CLACKHEATON AND SPENBOROUGH GUARDIAN:—"... I am assured that the Yorkshire lads cheered lower than anybody."

THE BURTON DAILY MAIL:—"Died from shock from disinfectant poisoning self-administered and that he took his wife when not of sound mind."

NORFOLK CHRONICLE:—"Major T— and his two sons sang a trio."

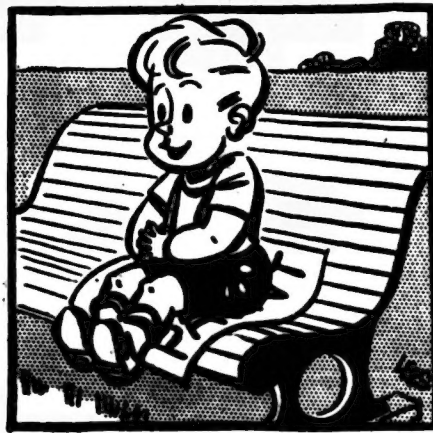
THE LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO:—"... were sentenced to 120 days' detention without remission."

RUSHDEN ECHO AND ARGUS:—"Mr. and Mrs. S— left afterwards for an unclosed destination."

THE KID



BY LEES



KIDNEY TROUBLE

Neglect is Dangerous—

You must take a remedy specially prepared to act on the kidneys

There is only one way to stop the down-dragging weakness and constant pain and danger caused by Kidney Trouble. You must cleanse the kidneys of impurities that stop them working healthily. You must give overworked kidneys new strength.

Only a true kidney pill can do this. That is why De Witt's Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills act so quickly, because they are made for the one purpose of giving new life to worn-out kidneys. In 24 hours after taking the first dose of De Witt's Pills you have positive proof that the kidneys are being restored to healthy action.

De Witt's Pills drive poisons and impurities right out of the system. In record time your pain goes for good, vigour and vitality come back. You feel years younger—happier and healthier.

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

end the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

INDIGESTION

Get Instant Relief this way

Here is proof positive that you can stop the pain and danger of chronic indigestion at quite a small cost. Every victim of indigestion should read this amazing letter.

Mr. C. E. Jones, of 57, Dibley St., Newcastle-on-Tyne, says:—"I was nearly driven mad with indigestion pains in my chest. I tried dieting and many remedies, but could not get any relief. I dreaded eating all food. I bought a tin of De Witt's Antacid Powder, and within four days was able to eat anything. Since then I have never had a repetition of my complaint. To me it is amazing. De Witt's Antacid Powder has indeed been a wonderful blessing."

De Witt's Antacid Powder soothes and protects the stomach lining. It stimulates the whole digestive processes so that you can enjoy every meal with never a fear of painful after-effects.

For your own satisfaction get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day. Take a dose after your next meal, get instant relief from your old indigestion misery. You will feel and look years younger because you will enjoy your food, and every particle will do you good.

DEWITT'S Antacid Powder

the quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation, Heartburn, Gastritis and all Stomachic Affections.

1/6 of all chemists. Double Size 2/6

Sergeant-Major Tells You How!

If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GOOD "Bulleeters" don't become downhearted. I was glad to see encouragement given the other week to a Kenton Old Contemptible, who said he'd been plodding away at *Bullets* without much success. Let me remind him of that wonderful winner, AN ACHIEVEMENT—CLAP IT! CAP IT! That may give him the key to the First Prize he's been striving for.—Company Sergeant-Major P. E., Palace Barracks, Holywood, Co. Down.

Well, I can hardly improve on the C.S.M.'s marching orders, but will quote from his letter one more sentence, which sums up a secret of success. "I have had only one small prize so far," he says. "But I know I can do better."

Sign, Please

When sending in *Bullets*, must we post back all the coupons provided, regardless of the number we fill up? Do we have to write our efforts in block letters? Should name and address be printed also?—M. T., Birmingham.

Send in only the coupons you complete. Cutting out each one saves staff work at Long Acre, and be sure each bears your name and full address. Immaterial whether you write or print in block letters, but sign your name clearly in ordinary handwriting.

King and President

I see no truth in the winning *Bullet*, KING AND PRESIDENT—SIGNING NOTHING—"WRITING" HISTORY. The day after this was published, His Majesty referred, in his speech at the Guildhall, to signing a trade treaty with the United States.—A. H. F., Peckham, London.

It is true that when at Ottawa the King gave his formal assent to a trade agreement between Canada and the United States. But I do not think that upsets the theme of the "*Bullet*"—that His Majesty's historic visit to the United States was not made for the purpose of, and did not directly result in, signing any treaty or agreement.

Free Entries

If a competitor wins several free-entry prizes, is he entitled to use them all for the same contest?—G. W. M., Stapleford, Nottingham.

Yes, provided that he observes the rules of the contest concerned. In JOHN BULL'S Crosswords, for instance, one must not exceed the limit of entries which may be specified.

Fair Judging

Two *Bullets* were entered for a recent contest. One was, FATE STEPPED IN AND—ALMOST CHANGED WIFE'S PLANS! The other was: FATE STEPPED IN AND—CONSCRIPTION STEPPED OUT. One was awarded £2 10s., the other—nothing. Is this fair judging?—"Competitor for 26 Years," Plymouth.

Presumably second effort was one of yours. Sit back and study the two of them now, imagining yourself an adjudicator. If you still think yours better, try Crosswords instead.

"Bullets" Illustrated:
Made Henpeck Laugh—
Weighing-machine
Wouldn't Be Bullied!



Fill the Gaps

I suppose a good many of us, working on the same *Examples*, are bound to hit on the same ideas for our *Bullets* and even the same wording. How can that be avoided?—Mrs. E. P., Wembley.

An easy answer is to say that success comes by putting into your "*Bullets*" that little extra something. But here is a tip that may help you more. Try using the incomplete *Examples* which are now provided. In these there is a gap which you may fill with one word of your own. By completing your own *Examples*, you can much more easily avoid the beaten track.

Sauce for the Sergeant?

I don't quite see why LIZ was preferred to LIZ as answer to the Crossword Clue, "Sergeant doesn't expect this from man late on parade."—P. G. B., Brighton.

Surely your knowledge of human nature tells you that nine out of ten answers to "Why are you late?" would be inventions. Certainly my knowledge of sergeants tells me that few men, especially when late for parade, would invite disaster by giving him lip!

All Alike

Occasionally I lose my JOHN BULL and either use the coupons from a *Bullets* announcement in a Competition journal or else send them in on plain paper. Can you assure me that such entries receive the same consideration as those on JOHN BULL'S coupons?—Mrs. W. P., Upper Edmonton, London, N.

Certainly. All coupons are treated alike. The only thing that counts is the merit of the "*Bullets*" you write on them.

Burnt with Care

What happens to coupons bearing unsuccessful efforts? Is there any chance of the *Bullets* or the entrants' names and addresses becoming known?—Miss A. B., Churt, Surrey.

No. To guard against such a thing happening, coupons are carefully stored before, during and for a time after being judged. Then they are destroyed by fire under supervision.



"WELL DONE, DAD!"

Father follows Son to big "Bullets" Success

THE result of our 1,175th *Bullets* Contest completed a remarkable "double" for the two Mr. A. Simpsons living at 83, Dundonald Road, Ross Walk, Leicester. For when JOHN BULL'S famous Friday Joy Wire arrived for Mr. Simpson, senior, son congratulating father was a First Prize-winner congratulating another!

The effort which carried sixty-eight-year-old Mr. Simpson to a £250 success was the apt and striking *Bullet*, OUR FOX MORE—AS "MY STRUGGLE" INDICATES.

"I recalled the hard times of my younger days, when I was struggling and out for more," he said. "Then it struck me that the aggressor is 'out for more' now, and the title of Hitler's book enabled me to express both ideas in the same words."

Though it is more than three years since the younger Mr. Simpson captured his First Prize, there is even more need to-day for his neat and telling warning. EARTH V. MARS—WOULD COST CIVILISATION "TITLE."

In each case father and son divided the prize-money.

"In making up our efforts we have found the free help of *Bullets* Bulletin very useful," Mr. Simpson said. "I often think that if more unsuccessful competitors studied this guide, they would realise why they had failed and have far better prospects of success."

"Study the *Bulletin* and the winning *Bullets*, polish up your phrasing and keep plodding along—that's my advice to all would-be winners," this veteran concluded. "I know it's all been said before, but the very fact that it's been said by successful 'Bulleeters' proves that it's sound advice."

Tackle those *Examples* opposite with care and common-sense, and a grand success may well be yours—far sooner than you've hoped. On Friday, August 4, indeed, a golden Joy Wire may well name you winner of £250 and a £10 Yearly Holiday Pension—provided you post your entry on or before Saturday, July 22.

WHO WANTS A
FREE
HOLIDAY
EVERY YEAR?
See opposite page

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,176

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus "All-in" Seaside Holiday for Two.

ELLEN R. TOLLEY, 31, William Street, Windsor, Berks.

Example: THINKS HE'S CLEVER
Bullet: MAN—NATURE SUDDENLY "EDUCATES."

SECOND PRIZE, £25, plus Seaside Holiday.

T. W. WALKER, 17, Messing Street, Shaw, Mr. Oldham, Lancs.

Example: Give Him Love And
Bullet: Don't Give Baby Everything!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £10, plus Seaside Holiday.

A. E. PAYNE, 18, Wakefield Road, Brighton, Sussex.

Example: Lonely Girl
Bullet: Envious "Lonely, Old Girl?"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

29: A. F. WILSON, 30, Sotherton Street, Goole, Yorks.
Think Of Mother And—"Slip Along"—Life Does!

(Entered on Prize coupon.)
28: C. HALL, 48, The Gardens, Peckham Rye, S.E.
Advice To Newlyweds—Be Practical—Remain Romantic!

27: F. LAMBERT, Westerleigh, Chardridge Lane, Chesham.
Safe Home—While Britain's "Hurricanes" Overhead.

26: K. BRISTOW, 161, Delaware Road, London, W.
Calm And Collected—Restless And Scattered, Britons.

25: H. A. BENNETT, 64, Corringway, Ealing, W.
Modern Child—Seldom "Corrected"—Often "Wronged."

24: C. O. EVANS, 127, Trehafoed Road, Trehafoed, Pontypridd, Glam.
Calm And Collected—"Our Strength" Is Trebled.

23: T. S. PEAKING, 31, Hambrough Road, Southall, Middlesex.
Now He's In Khaki—Stool Left—Stoop Righted.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

J. BELLAMY, 9, Blomfield Road, Rye Avenue, Norwich.
Dad Went Fishing, But—Unlucky, Till Emptying Waders!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

Mrs. P. BROWN, Sunnyside, 2, Salisbury Avenue, Preston, N. Shields.

Dad Went Fishing, But—Drying Followed, Not Frying!
R. BUCKLER, 179, Ariel Street, Ashington, Northumberland.
Treat For Sonny—Nursemaid "Forgot" His Ears.

(Entered on Prize coupon.)
G. HARRIS, 1, Asbury Road, Wallasey, At Our Flower Show—Village Band—From Marrows.

(Entered on Prize coupon.)
B. H. JONES, 33, Boundary Road, Wood Green.
Now He's In Khaki—I "Vote," He Votes.

(Entered on Prize coupon.)
F. KEELING, 68, Park Avenue, Northfleet.
Left At The Seaside—Giant Despair—"Giant" Returning.

Mrs. L. KENT, 79, Cheviot Street, Derby.
When The Blow Fell—Grandpa Swatted Blue-bottle's Grandson!

(Entered on Prize coupon.)
Mrs. E. F. MULLINS, 98, Northgate Street, Gloucester.
Sea Breezes—Also "Exhausted," Reaching Boarding-house.

(Entered on Prize coupon.)
F. TYLDSLEY, 77, Bradford Road, Farnworth, Lancs.

Now Auntie's Bathing—Epstein's Thinking Of Eve!
Mrs. F. WILLIAMS, Flat 64, Taymount Grange, Queen's Road, London, S.E.

Advice To Newlyweds—Adviser's Missus Promptly Contradicted!

List of 20 winners of Cameras and 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received. And the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "Postmaster's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order." The number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.



Here you see Mr. D. Green, Jr., 27, Watcombe Circus, Carrington, Nottingham, who won a big cheque and £10 yearly Holiday Pension for the "Bullet," Hopeless—Things Seem? Think! Scheme!

Who's next for a big Cheque and Holiday Pension?

This is Mr. C. Smith, 4, Ashfield Road, Wellingborough, who won a big cheque and £10 Holiday Pension yearly for the "Bullet," Business Woman—"Busy Little Woman" Preferable.



£250
CASH and
£10
HOLIDAY CHEQUE



HOW TO WIN USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and add any two, three or four words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

Here is a good instance of how easily you can win. As soon as a Reading post-office worker saw the *Example*, WIFE'S FURS, he relates, he pictured a vivacious little woman peeping over her

DON'T MISS 'COMPEX'!

Helpful hints on opposite page.

luxurious furs, while her poor "old man" thought ruefully of the dilapidated state of his cheap underwear. This comic little picture he soon condensed into his First Prize *Bullet*, WIFE'S FURS—SHOW—MY UNDERWEAR DOESN'T!

Before starting on your own efforts study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,178th Contest which appear on the opposite page. Then make a start, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, July 22.

BRITANNIA WANTS PEACE, BUT
HITLER'S THUNDER
MADE HIM HURRY
THE LION'S TAIL
MILES AWAY
IN LOVE'S GARDEN
PICKED A WINNER
AUNTIE'S PACKING, SO
WET ON FINE
OUT OF THE SLIMS
THAT KID NEXT DOOR
LANDLADY'S MOTTO
TO FILL THE GAP
MELTING
VILLAGE TEAM
MADE SANDY
OLD WRECK
SONNY'S HOLIDAY
HE'S A VETERAN, SO
DERELIOT FARM

ADDED ATTRACTION:

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

WHEN SINGS
TRIES
WORSE THAN
TO GRANNY
ONE MORE AND
HARD TO

YEARLY
FOR LIFE

'BULLETS' BIG 2-in-1 FIRST — or £300 CASH

£25	£10	£9	£8	£7
		£6	£5	£4
		£3	10 of £2.10	
25 of 10% 200 SURPRISE AWARDS				
THOUSANDS OF OTHER AWARDS				
SAT. JULY 22				

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,180 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,178 will be displayed in the window of A. J. Shortland, 57, Gresham Street, Leicester.

Should you wish to enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JULY 22.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
P.O. No. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. (1,180) Closing postmark SAT., JULY 22.	Signed Address

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
P.O. No. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. (1,180) Closing postmark SAT., JULY 22.	Signed Address

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entries, thus saving 2d. on postage and postage. Make postal order payable to John Bull, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,180 and Crossword No. 182, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for each joint entry. Saturday, July 22.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
P.O. No. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. (1,180) Closing postmark SAT., JULY 22.	Signed Address

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for <i>Bullets</i> No. 1,180, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.	Signed Address

ENTRY FEE

You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /A Co./.

Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.
Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,180, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

MOTHER OF FOUR WAS NERVOUS WRECK

*"The Children Used To Grieve For Me
I Really Was Afraid To Even Do My Shopping"*

"WHAT RELIEF I GOT AFTER TAKING YEAST-VITE"

Brand Tonic Tablets

Dear Sirs,

I think it is only fair for me to let you know that your marvellous little Yeast-Vite Tablets are a blessing to many a poor sufferer who cannot do with other so-called remedies, because they are all that is necessary for body and mind. I recommend them to everybody, as I think they deserve it, and I hate to see a friend in distress such as I have been myself.

I am a poor struggling mother with four young children, my income is very little and I have to keep going on working. I have been for some time a hopeless sufferer from nerves and being run-down I really was afraid to even do my shopping. I even got almost quite forgetful. I felt a perfect wreck. The children used to grieve for me. I tried several supposed tonics for nerves, but always I was

Bantry.

TRIED TWENTY DIFFERENT TONICS

No Relief Until He Took Yeast-Vite

Dear Sirs,

Bristol.

I am very pleased with the results I have had through taking "Yeast-Vite" tablets. My nerves have been badly frayed for a long time and I was getting worse and, though I tried nearly twenty different tonics, I could not get any easier. My brother got me a bottle of Yeast-Vite and very reluctantly I took some, not for one minute believing they would do any good. For that I must apologise, as I can honestly say that my nerves are ten times better and I can now eat and sleep well. So I close with just—thanks a lot for "Yeast-Vite."

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) T. F.

INDIGESTION, NERVES AND SLEEPLESSNESS

Gentlemen,

Birmingham.

After being ill for a long time, I decided to try your Yeast-Vite. I am truly thankful I did, for I suffered from bad nerves and sleeplessness, also indigestion. Now I can claim to have greatly benefited from a course: and shall decidedly recommend them to friends. They are all you claim.

I am, yours gratefully,
(Signed) E. H.

93 YEARS OLD Praises Yeast-Vite

Dear Sirs,

Spalding.

A few months ago I recommended your Yeast-Vite to a neighbour of mine who is 93 years old. After taking one bottle he is enjoying a new life and thinks of living over the century. I am close on 80 and am deriving much benefit from your Yeast-Vite.—Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) T. D.

Could Not Carry On But For Yeast-Vite

Dear Sirs,

Manchester.

I feel I must say something in favour of Yeast-Vite. My work is very fatiguing and calls for so much endurance from early morning until late evening. I can truthfully say I could never carry on without the great and wonderful benefit I receive from Yeast-Vite Tablets, which were recommended to me by a friend who cannot speak too highly of them himself.—Yours truly,

(Signed) M. S.

Dermatitis and Blood Impurities

Dear Sirs,

London, S.W.

I am pleased to say that after using Yeast-Vite I have got rid of Dermatitis and blood impurities.

Previously, I had used other remedies, supposedly sure cures, but had not a cure till I tried Yeast-Vite.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) A. P.

"Now People Remark How Well I Look"

Braintree.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and tell you how wonderful your Yeast-Vite Tablets are. Since taking them I feel a new woman. I suffered for years from nerves and anaemia, until one day I tried Yeast-Vite, after spending pounds on treatment without relief. Now people remark how well I look.

I recommended them to my neighbour; for years she suffered from indigestion. Now since taking Yeast-Vite she can eat anything without pain. She would not be without Yeast-Vite for anything. All my friends call me Doctor Yeast-Vite, because I have recommended it to so many.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Miss G.

"The Difference Is Marvellous"

Mickleover.

Dear Sirs,

I have much pleasure in being able to tell you about your Tablets. I think they are wonderful.

My son age 21 has had 5 months off work, thoroughly run-down and overgrown his strength, and a month in hospital with Peritonitis and they told him he was lucky to get over it.

I started to give him your Tablets 4 weeks ago and the difference in him is marvellous, he has more life and energy than he has had for a very long time, and he has gone back to work again. So I thought I must write and tell you how much my son and I owe to Yeast-Vite.

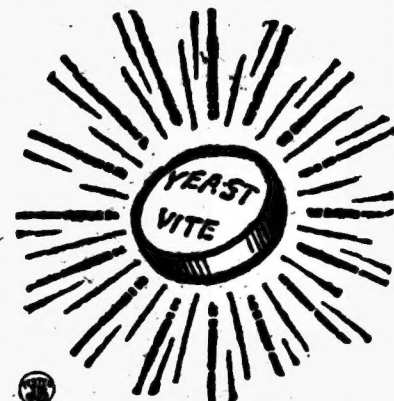
Yours sincerely,
(Signed) Mrs. H.

Nurse feels MUCH BRIGHTER AND BETTER

Dear Sirs,

I have so often used Yeast-Vite when run down and it always made me feel much brighter and better. So now when any one speaks of feeling bad and out of sorts, I immediately tell them to try "Yeast-Vite" as it is a wonderful pick-me-up and I gave my last bottle I bought to a gentleman to try.

Yours very truly—Nurse F. E.



OUR SECRET

The marvellous secret of Yeast-Vite lies, of course, in the fact that it is an accurate scientific combination of PURE MEDICINAL YEAST and other wonderful tonic ingredients as prescribed by leading specialists.

No wonder the triumphs of this amazing remedy resound throughout the world! No wonder it is praised far and wide!

Nobody need be denied the benefits of Yeast-Vite! It is available at a price to suit every purse and pocket.

You should accept our Offer below this very minute and know the joy of health and strength once more!

GREAT OFFER

PEOPLE in every walk of life praise Yeast-Vite.

People in all stations and in all occupations acclaim it to be the universal health standby for the common daily ills which spoil so many lives and cause so much unnecessary suffering.

After reading the volume of praise published on this page, do not hesitate. If you suffer from:

**HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, NERVE TROUBLES,
DEPRESSION, LASSITUDE, INSOMNIA, RHEUMATISM,
that 'RUN DOWN' or 'LIFE'S NO GOOD' FEELING—**

go to your chemist and get a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite Brand Tonic. If it doesn't "do the trick" in your own particular case, if you don't feel better QUICKLY and get PERMANENT BENEFIT, simply return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

Read this universal and widespread volume of praise. Then get YOUR bottle of Yeast-Vite NOW. It is sold everywhere at 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.